McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLVII — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910. — NO. 3

HENRY BIEVER BADLY BURNED BY EXPLOSION.

Gas Exploded in Regulator House of Cut Glass Company.

FIRE DEPARTMENT CALLED OUT.

Only Property Damage Was the Burning of the Regulator House and a Few Broken Windows—Mr. Biever is Recovering Rapidly.

Henry Biever, a well-known resident of this borough who is employed as night watchman at the Cut Glass factory, was severely burned about the face and hands early last Friday morning while performing his duties by an explosion of gas in the little regulator house which adjoins the engine room.

Mr. Biever in making his rounds was about to enter this regulator house with a lighted lantern. As he opened the door a terrific explosion took place and Mr. Biever was thrown some distance backward into a snow bank. He did not lose consciousness, however, and as soon as he could pick himself up he sounded the fire alarm.

The fire department responded quickly, being able to get a connection at the hydrant in front of the hose house and soon had the blaze under control, with the exception of the gas which refused to be put out with the ordinary hose. In the meantime the fire engine was being put in readiness and when a stream from the engine was put onto the gas flame it was out in less time than it takes to tell it.

The regulator house which was a very small affair was destroyed and a few windows were broken but otherwise there was no damage done. But had it not been for the prompt action of the fire department a big blaze would have surely followed.

Mr. Biever is getting along as well as possible under the circumstances and is now able to be out, but it was a narrow escape for him.

CIVIL COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Few Cases Have Been Tried Thus Far—Memorial Services to Mr. Mullin.

Civil court convened at the court house Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock with Judge Joseph W. Bouton presiding.

In the case of the Port Allegany National Bank vs. the Port Allegany Furniture Manufacturing Co., by default, a judgment for $5,600 on a mortgage, was rendered.

On Tuesday afternoon a memorial session was held in honor of the late John P. Mullin, Esq., of Bradford. The members of the bar association gave eloquent and feeling tributes to the worth of the deceased and suitable resolutions were adopted.

The case of the Caldwells vs. Purcell & McMannus was settled yesterday and the jury, on instruction, awarded a verdict to the plaintiffs of $500.

The case of James McNulty of Smethport against the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad was also finished yesterday, McNulty being awarded a verdict for $775. This action was the outgrowth of condemnation proceedings whereby the railroad company took certain land for switch purposes.

The correspondent to the Bradford Era says: Attorneys "in and for said county" held a sort of an indignation meeting to-day and removed from the library a certain historic table. It is alleged that the said table was plentifully supplied with sharp-pointed slivers; the aforementioned slivers being like "quills upon the fretful porcupine" and predisposed, upon the slightest occasion, to puncture and penetrate the wearing apparel, the epidermis, etc., of the limbs of the law—sometimes getting so far under the surface as to cause mental and physical distress thereby acting as an "income tax," as it were, upon the patience of the gentlemen of the bar; in addition it is averred that sundry nether garments have been torn and rendered untenable. So it was the concensus of opinion that something "should be did" and it was done. It is alleged that the said lawyers will supply a new and sliverless table in the immediate henceness.

Art Calendar Free.

The art calendar, which is being mailed free by the Colonial Trust Company of Pittsburgh, to anyone who sends a two-cent stamp to cover the postage, is an unusually beautiful reproduction of a famous painting.

The subject of the painting is "Motherhood." The coloring is masterfully handled and wonderfully well reproduced.

The calendar is so arranged that all the months may be noted at one time. This is one of those exceptionally handsome art porductions that are worthy of a longer life than the year they chronicle. Send a two-cent stamp to the Colonial Trust Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., and get this fine calendar.

DEATH OF ALFRED HAGBERG.

Taken Away Suddenly in the Prime of Life.

It was a shock to the community to learn on Monday morning of the very sudden death the night before of Alfred Hagberg. Mr. Hagberg was well until last Thursday when he was taken violently ill with what appeared at first to be pleurisy. He seemed to grow worse and it was thought best to remove him to the hospital in Bradford which was done on Saturday morning last. He grew steadily worse and died Sunday evening at about half past eight.

Mr. Hagberg was born on the 17th day of May, 1869, in Stockholm, Sweden, and at about the age of 20 he came to this country. On May the fourth, 1892, he married Miss Emma Sherburne the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Sherburne. One daughter was born to them, Miss Lillian Hagberg. For several years Mr. Hagberg was in business in this place; a part of the time he was associated with his father-in-law in the grocery business. About two years ago the family moved to Hazelhurst and Mr. Hagberg since then has been in business there. He had just recently purchased the Hotel Hazel and had scarcely settled in the new home when he was stricken down.

Mr. Hagberg was a genial, jolly and obliging man who made many firm friends in Smethport and vicinity during his years in business here, and many will unite with his bereaved family in mourning the loss of a good citizen and a kind and loving husband and father.

The Rev. Mr. Harris and members of the order of the Odd Fellows went to Hazelhurst on Wednesday forenoon and after a brief service there the body was brought to this place and services were held from the Methodist Episcopal church in the afternoon. The burial was in Rose Hill cemetery. The funeral services were largely attended both in Hazelhurst and Smethport.

FRED B. ANDREWS.

He Passed Away at Home of His Mother Yesterday Afternoon.

Fred B. Andrews died at the home of his mother on Water street, this borough, on Wednesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, January 19, 1910, after an illness of about four months of tuberculosis.

When first taken ill Mr. Andrews and his family were living in Pittsburg and after about ten weeks he decided to come here, thinking the higher altitude and pure air would assist in effecting a cure, but the disease had too much of a start and although he went to Rock City he continued to grow worse until the end came yesterday.

The deceased was 35 years of age and had lived in Smethport most of the time for many years. In 1903 he was united in marriage to Miss Lottie McNally and to them were born two children, Edith aged 5 years and Anna aged 4, who with their mother survive to mourn the loss of a kind and loving husband and father. He is also survived by his aged mother, one brother, Milan of East Smethport, three sisters, Mrs. Burdette Hall of this place, Mrs. Crumb of Akron, Ohio, and Mrs. Allen who lives in Kansas, who deeply mourn the loss of an affectionate son and brother.

The services will be held at St. Elizabeth's church at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating and his remains will be laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

ARRESTED ON SERIOUS CHARGE.

County Detective Jones Has Been Looking Up a Case Against the Prisoner—Head Was Broken.

Saturday's Era says: County Detective Jones of Smethport was in the city last night and between 8 and 9 o'clock placed under arrest Ab Wagner of Washington street extension. The arrest was made at Wagner's abode and the warrant charges him with assault and battery and attempt to kill. Wagner was brought to the city prison where he was locked up for the night.

Wagner's arrest is the result of an investigation which has been started by the county authorities owing to the critical condition of Albert Nunemaker, who lives in the vicinity of Wagner's home.

It is alleged that Nunemaker went to Wagner's home where a woman, said to be Annie Clark, was spending the evening. After some words, it is alleged that Wagner struck Nunemaker with a gun, the hammer of the weapon inflicting a bad scalp wound and it is reported, fractured the skull. The injured man since that time has shown little improvement and his condition yesterday was such as to cause alarm as to the outcome.

NEARLY FROZEN.

George Herman Had a Narrow Escape Monday.

George Herman and Frank Bittle went hunting Monday forenoon. Later they separated and the latter came home alone, but when Herman had not put in an appearance late in the evening, his relatives became alarmed and a searching party went out for him. Mr. Bittle knew about where he should be and luckily guided the party to where Herman was found, astride a fence, on the flats west of town benumbed and unconscious. He was removed to Bittle's where J. H. Douglass was summoned and it was found necessary to work several hours over him before he was out of danger. Several times Mr. Herman had suffered from appendicitis attacks and the strain of the day's tramp, weakened him and as he was climbing the fence he lost his strength and was left in the peculiar but dangerous position, for it was extremely cold. It is believed that had his recovery been delayed much longer it would have been doubtful if he could have been revived. He is out now apparently recovered.—Eldred Eagle.

Captain Woodward.

Captain James Woodward of Grangeville, Idaho, returned home after a two weeks' visit with Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Provin, the two men marrying sisters. On Nov. the 5th, 1884, Capt. Woodward with his family moved West to Grangeville, Idaho, from Ridgway, Pa., arriving at Grangeville on the 22nd of November, 1884. They moved with only a few things to go to housekeeping. His brother being a bachelor, Capt. Woodward took up his soldier's claim, also a tree culture claim, in all 320 acres of land, about eight miles from Grangeville. In a few years Captain Woodward purchased his brother's ranch of 160 acres and later on purchased seventy acres more nearby. Mr. Woodward began to think that he was land poor. He continued on and kept his head out of the water. About ten years ago his wife died. Since that time the Captain sold all his land for cash making him financially well off.

Before the Civil War Capt. Woodward taught school in Illinois and later on taught school in Wisconsin and studied law. The war came on and he enlisted and went to the front as a Lieutenant in a Wisconsin Regiment. In 1864 Mr. Woodward was assigned to the 117th U. S. Colored troops as a Captain of one of the companies. He had charge of men in digging the Dutch Gap canal in 1864, that we read about in history. At the close of the war his regiment was sent to Brownsville, Texas, and in about one year the regiment was mustered out of the service.

After going to Idaho Captain Woodward made use of his law education, was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law. He was quite successful in that line and was Justice of the Peace for 16 yeasr in Grangeville. Last winter Captain Woodward was a Member of the Idaho Legislature. He was the oldest (72 years old) and the youngest member was 24. Mr. Woodward was born at Springfield, New York; in Sept., 1909, Capt. Woodward started from his home to visit friends in the east after 25 years' absence. He stopped in Missouri awhile, then went to Springfield, N. Y., and from there to Smethport. On returning he will stop in Illinois, Kansas and Oregon and will visit two sons in Washington. He expects to get back home about the 20th of next month.

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NEW FLYING MACHINE RECORD.

Louis Paulhan Breaks All Records Near Los Angeles on Tuesday.

A Los Angeles dispatch dated Jan. 17, says:

Louis Paulhan, in his Farman biplane to-day, made what aviator experts regard as the most remarkable cross-country flight in history. On the wings of the wind that other aviators hesitated to face, the Frenchman droned from aviation field to "Lucky" Baldwin's ranch, 23 miles away, circled the old Santa Anita race track and bucked his way to his tent.

In all he covered an estimated distance of 47½ miles in 1 hour, 2 minutes and 42 4-5 seconds. He flew to Baldwin's with the wind in 30 minutes and came back in 33 minutes. When he finished he said that the motor was as cool as when he started and that he could repeat the trip at once. In sheer beauty and contempt of danger the flight rivals that seen on any aviation field of the old world.

The only feat approaching Paulhan's feat in this country was that made by one of the Wrights last fall on a flight with an army officer from Washington to Alexandria and back. Bleriot, Latham, Farman and Cody have made flights nearly as long, but they did not return. Cody flew 40 miles at Aldershot in 63 minutes last fall. Farman took a 20-mile glide to spend a day shooting with a friend, but he landed at one end of the trip.

CHILD BURNED.

Three Year Old Son of R. G. Langworth of Kushequa House Consumed.

A special from Kushequa dated Jan. 15, says: The three year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Roff G. Langworthy of this place, was burned to death here this afternoon at four o'clock, when fire broke out in their residence and burned the building to the ground.

The fire originated from the kitchen stove while the mother was attending to her duties about the house. When the fire was discovered the flames had gained considerable headway and the fire spread all over the building. The mother grabbed her baby and rushed out into the street and gave the alarm. The men of the vicinity rushed into the house and saved what furniture they could reach.

The unfortunate boy was ill with the measles and in the excitement he was overlooked for the time being. A search was made for the missing boy, but not finding him, one of the fire fighters made an effort to reach the room where the boy was sleeping. He broke the glass in the window of the room. He could see the unfortunate boy lying in the bed but the flames drove the rescuer back.

As there are no facilities for fighting fire in Kushequa the house and nearly all the contents were destroyed.

"The Toymakers."

The music is most pleasing and the opera contains about twenty-six rattling good songs full of life and rythm. The action throughout is rapid and carries the audience with it, presenting graphic scenes from "Merrie England" in the present day. Queer old John Senior Stubbs, Mistress Merrily, quaint Dr. Bunch and pretty Daisy Dane, the village belle, are all the best types of English character and play their part right well in the ludicrous scenes that follow up on the old inventor bringing his favorite doll to life. She takes a prominent part in the hilarity that follows and keeps the audience in a perfect gale of laughter with her droll and lively capers that set the whole village in a great uproar when she appears among them as the electric doll.

Messrs. Blake and Bennett wrote the music for the twenty-six clever songs and they are full of melody with a swing and "go" that carries the audience with them.

The great comic opera of "The Toymakers" will be seen at the Lyceum on Wednesday evening, Jan. 26. The company of "The Toymakers" are said by the press to be clever singers, dancers and comedians, and give a clean, refined presentation of a high order.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

6tf — MRS CARRIE CLARK.

FOUND DEAD IN WOODS.

Body of Unknown Man Found Near Galeton—Identity Impossible.

Tuesday morning at about nine o'clock a Hungarian who was engaged in digging a grave in the Catholic cemetery near Galeton, became cold and went to the woods nearby to get a few dead limbs with which to make a fire to warm himself. Just after he crossed the fence into the woods he noticed a piece of cloth protruding from the snow. Upon kicking it he discovered that it was a piece of a man's coat and upon brushing away the snow he uncovered the remains of a man, badly decomposed and mutilated about the face. The Hungarian hastened to town and gave the alarm, and in a few minutes there was a crowd of men and boys at the scene of the ghastly find.

The body which lay in a cradle hole, face up with the exception of the small pieces of coat, was completely covered by snow, was removed to the undertaker's where the best examination possible was made. From all appearances the man had been dead for sometime. Dry leaves were found under his body and hat, which lay near his head. This indicated that the body had been where found before snow fell. No wounds were found upon the body which would indicate foul play. A four ounce bottle was found in one pocket which when a little water was placed in it had the odor of chloroform. An empty pint liquor bottle was found by the body. An empty tin cocoa box was also found in the man's pocket and a pair of silver bow spectacles. No money or papers of any kind were found. Part of the man's nose and ears were eaten off by wild animals of some kind and the face was in such fearful condition that it was hard to determine anything about the features.

He wore a good tailor made black suit with the name in the collar of Myer & Black, Tailors, Rochester, N. Y. The laundry mark on his cuffs was Fuller. He wore no collar or necktie, but in their place two good linen handkerchiefs were folded around the neck. He had a full upper and lower set of false teeth, and cuff buttons, which were gold, flat round and engraved with a fire engine. His hat was a black derby. From appearances he was a man of about 65, of medium height, and gray hair and was quite bald and wore a beard.

The body was in such condition that it was necessary to bury it Wednesday. Up to the time of going to press no one has been able to identify the man.

On November 25th a man who was registered as H. F. Morgan of Pittsburg, at the Waldorf Hotel, conducted by VanGorden, and who had been stopping at the hotel for several days, stated to the proprietor that he was broke but had a suit case in another part of the town and that he would go and get it, left the hotel and never returned. Landlord VanGorden thinks this is the same man.

It is doubtful if the identity of the man and how he died will ever be known. Whether he met with foul play, committed suicide or died a natural death in all probability will remain an unsolved question.—Potter Democrat.

Woman's Preferred Place.

A clever and witty young miss wrote to a certain Pennsylvania editor as follows: "Your editorial deploring the fact that so many women are taking men's places in shop and office is amusing. Why don't the men marry us and keep the business for themselves? If you have the notion that women prefer banging typewriters or pushing sewing machines or selling goods over the counter or doing any kind of men's work to making homes for loving husbands or prattling children, why then you are a goose of a man and a very unobserving editor. All this talk about the modern desire of women to be independent, is absurd. The pictures you see in the magazines of happy bachelor girls are lying documents—there isn't such a thing as a happy bachelor girl, though there might be such a thing as a merry widow."—Ex.

The best pills DeWitt's Little Early Risers—the safe way, pleasant and sure little liver pills. DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is the original. Good for cuts, burns or bruises, and especially for piles. Sold by I. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Having a surplus will sell 8 Bradley-Hawkins strain Barred Rock Cockerels at $1.00 and $1.50 each this week. Inquire of

PETER CONLEY.

CENSUS APPLICATION FORMS.

Those for Enumerators Received by the District Supervisor.

Census Supervisor S. R. Hamilton, whose office is at Bradford, McKean county, has received from the Census Bureau a supply of blank applications for persons applying for positions as census enumerators. These will be forwarded to his list of applicants as soon as possible.

The applications, properly filled out, must be returned to the Supervisor not later than January 31, the Census Director having extended the time for filing from January 25, which was the date first set for closing the consideration of applications. The "test" will occur February 5, as previously announced.

The instructions printed on the application form state that a definite answer is required to each of the questions, which are:

"Are you a citizen of the United States? If naturalized, when and where were you naturalized?

"Of what state or territory are you a legal resident? How long have you been a legal resident thereof? Of what county and of what town or city and ward are you a resident? How long have you been a resident thereof?

"What is your sex and color? What was your age at last birthday? Where were you born?

"What is your education? (Give the principal facts.)

"What is your present occupation?

"What is your professional or business experience? (Give the principal facts, and, if at present an officeholder, name the office that you hold.)

"Have you ever been employed on census work, either national or state? If so, in what capacity and for how long a period? If an enumerator, for what territory or district? (Describe as accurately as possible.)

"Are you physically capable of a full discharge of the duties of a census enumerator? Have you any defect of either sight, hearing, speech, or limb? If so, state nature of defect.

"Do you speak English? Do you understand and speak any language other than English? If so, what language? (Specify languages spoken, as Bohemian, Chinese, Danish, French, German, Greek, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Lithuanian, Magyar, Norwegian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Slavic, Spanish, Yiddish, etc.)

"Are you a member of a political committee of any party? (Answer 'Yes' or 'No,' but do not indicate what party.)

"In view of the fact that you may be required to take a test before a postmaster, state what postoffice would be most convenient to you for this purpose. (This test is of a practical character, consisting chiefly of the filling out of a sample schedule of population from information furnished regarding typical families and, in the case of enumerators whose work will be in rural districts, the filling out of a sample schedule of agriculture.)

Are the answers to each of the foregoing questions true to the best of your knowledge and belief? Are they in your own handwriting?"

Indorsements of each applicant must be secured from two representative citizens of the community in which the applicant resides. They must be at least 21 years of age and acquainted with the applicant not less than one year. Indorsements will not be accepted from any person who is in any way related to an applicant. The indorsement certifies that the applicant "is a thoroughly trustworthy and honest person, of good habits, and, my opinion, is fully capable of discharging the duties of census enumerator, if appointed."

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Jan. 15, 1910.

Handshaw, Mr.
Lithrop, John.
Rarington, Ray.
Stickles, Mrs. Bessie.
Stewart, J. S.
Van Brunt, J. A. & Co.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from the date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Owns King Philip's War Club.

The war club or tomahawk of King Philip, decorated with black and white beads which were said to indicate the number of people this Indian chief killed, is a valuable relic owned by Mrs. William Fuller of North Warren, Me.

MATCHMAKING.

A Story of Love Between Intellectual People.

By WAYNE S. BORROW.

[Copyright, 1902, by American Press Association.]

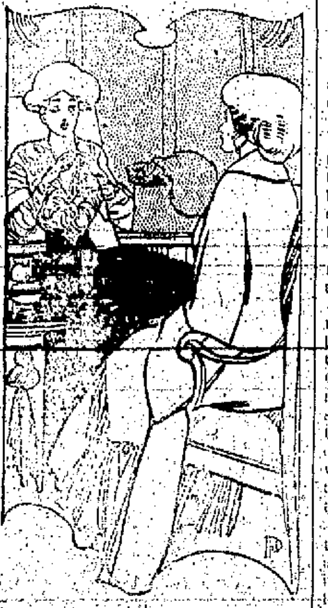
A little dark woman dressed in a kimono was arranging a mahogany tea table, with claws to its legs, on which were a teapot, dainty china cups and saucers, cream and sugar bowls. The apartment was as daintily furnished as the tea table. Persian rugs were on the floor, damask and lace curtains hung in the windows, while a profusion of bric-a-brac was scattered about. It was an apartment that a man would never dare enter, for should he turn around suddenly his coattail would be sure to sweep some valuable bit of china on to the floor, of course breaking it into fragments.

A woman large and fair entered.

"You poor thing! You look fagged to death."

"I am, dear. I'm dead already. This is my ghost that wants a cup of tea."

The little dark woman in the kimono pushed the large fair one into an easy



"GREEN STREAKS," SHE TOLD US, "STOOD FOR PATIENCE."

chair, slipped out hatpins and disposed of the gorgeous picture hat that crowned a blond pompadour.

"I'm sure you're an angel, Laura. Perhaps this poor ghost has got to heaven."

"Tell me about it," said the other sympathetically. "You haven't lost flesh over it, Annie."

The visitor laughed ruefully. "Do I lose flesh over anything?" she inquired. "But I have taken what Jack calls my annual vow and sworn off from clubs. The federation may federate in any town it sees fit. I'll not get near it. [illegible] as her [illegible] and [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible] annually [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] It was worse [illegible] federation [illegible] Morton and [illegible] affairs [illegible] Professor Henry [illegible] Lily for a year, only [illegible] poor soul! He's so wound up in his 'ologies and knowledges that he doesn't understand [illegible]

"And you were trying to help him, you matchmaking creature?" suggested Laura.

"Of course I was! Isn't Myra Reed a widow and one of my dearest friends; and isn't Lily the sweetest and best girl of her age I know? I've invited the professor to my house and listened to his theories till"—

"Till you're very, very tired of it," agreed the other sympathetically.

The sufferer nodded. "I've given him every chance in the world to be alone with Lily, and I've tried—well, it sounds brutal to put it just that way—but I've tried to shield Myra's little idiosyncrasies from the son-in-law I hoped she would have.

"Then along came this miserable federation meeting, and the evil one counseled me to put Myra on the program. Some madness led me to think that she would actually follow instructions and give me a paper on colonial families of Virginia—that for the Daughters, you know. In my besotted state of mind I ran and invited the professor to be present at that particular meeting. To invite him it was necessary to invite the entire faculty unless I wanted to seem desperately special. Oh, Laura, I don't know whether I have fortitude to go on!"

"Yes, you have," her friend insisted. "Take a wafer and several long breaths. Did Susie Allingham faint? I heard the most garbled account of the thing."

"Faint? No more than you or I. She had promised me to have a paper on traveling libraries and a full report. Five minutes before the reading I asked her how long her paper was and would she please let me glance over it. The shameless creature hadn't the scratch of a pen. She said she was going to give us a little talk, and she was shaking like a leaf with stage fright right then. Oh, yes, she pretended to faint!"

"You can't quite say that, can you? You didn't have a physician present or test her with a redhot iron?"

The president of the Spare Moments club giggled comfortably. "I rather think the latter. Jane Courtney—you know what a soldier Jane is—oh, a grenadier! Well, perhaps Jane had been on foot all day looking after the refreshments and various things that nobody else wants to, and when she saw Susie keel over she turned around and remarked: 'That Allingham girl looks a sight with her bonnet knocked over one ear, and her switch is coming loose. Good gracious, it'll fall off in another minute!'"

There was soft murmur of appreciation from the other side of the table. "And Susie?"

"Susie opened one eye to see who it was talking, and then she changed her mind about fainting. My, but she was mad! She wept. I had to fill her number on the program with some music. I didn't care. By that time it was all a mad, seething, boiling whirlpool of managing to make something do for something else anyhow!"

"But about Myra?"

"Oh, yes! Well, Myra came, and so did all the professors. I had no idea those men were so interested in women's clubs. What do you suppose that woman had done in place of anything on earth about colonial Virginia?"

"Something wild, of course."

"Something wild! I like your phrase. It was bloodcurdling! She had diagrams! I thought I should sink when she drew those diagrams out. You know, she's a fanatic on some new ism about reforming the world by setting down and holding your breath and thinking about something else."

"Not a bad idea," with carefully preserved gravity. "And you put it so lucidly, Annie. I think I could do that myself."

"Oh, well, you know! The kind of thing that used to be in the front of the first readers when you and I were babies at school. You sit down and shut your teeth and say, 'I—am—in—it, he—is—in—it,' or something like that."

"No, dear. It's 'assertions' that you mean. You build them into your character by saying them over that way."

"Laura," in a tragic tone, "you're almost as bad as she is! I don't want to build things into my character. You talk as if it was a summer cottage. Oh, dear me, I haven't a shred of character left since Myra disgraced me as she did! She got to talking about things that weren't quite decent [illegible] for a mixed audience, and I was in agony because I had Lily [illegible] with the professor [illegible] the back room.

"I could see the other men trying not to laugh, and I felt so apologetic [illegible] If I could have crawled under one of the seats, dusting those horrid [illegible] as I went, I should have been glad. Then came the diagrams! A large pink thing meant your natural affections. Laura, do you love people in that shade of pink? Because if you do pray never love me any.

"A blue wedge was for your [illegible] your—intellectual capacity, I think. I hadn't any, by the time that came. Some green streaks, she told us, stood for patience, but mine was at an end. I pulled the back of her frock and whispered to her, 'Where is your paper on colonial Virginia families?' Laura, that aggravating creature looked over her shoulder at me as serious [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 'Never mind your [illegible],' she counseled. 'I [illegible] the professor and Lily did.'

[illegible] Myra's remarks were very plain and hardly the things for young girls to hear, let alone girls accompanied by gentlemen. But there! I might have spared myself worry. It seems I am only a plain fool."

"Oh, no," remonstrated her friend slyly. "Nobody would ever say that of you."

"I'd rather be a plain fool than a pretty one," retorted the other. "And that's what Myra Morton and her like call me, I know! It seems that Myra is a brilliant woman and that I had only made trouble and retarded things instead of helping."

"How was that?"

"Oh, the professor is deeply interested in the particular ism that Myra is exploiting just now. I suppose he loves Lily in that shade of pink and does his thinking in blue wedges and has streaks of green patience. Anyhow, he said that Myra's diagrams were very illuminating. He was up in the crowd congratulating her on that disgraceful performance. I saw that both he and Lily looked mightily pleased about something, and after the thing was over he told me confidentially—I have been encouraging his confidential talks, you know, during the past year—that the hearing of that paper had removed the last shadow of a barrier between himself and Myra's daughter."

"Barrier?"

"Oh, yes; I have been trying to tell him about Myra and prepare him for what he might expect, and I suppose my opinion of her crankism and Professor Henry's don't precisely agree."

"They wouldn't, naturally," slipped from Laura's lips, and then was regretted.

"Don't you tell me that I mean well!" turning sharply. "I'll bear anything but that. No doubt it's what the professor and Lily and Myra Reed Morton are saying of me this minute. They are sitting and holding their breaths and thinking about something else and saying that I am a well meaning creature who lacks sense."

"Well," commented her friend crisply, "if they can do all that at one time I believe I'll investigate the system myself."

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

—Get one of—

C. A. BURDICK,

General Insurance Agent

Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASS

SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

Christmas Goods

My New Christmas goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Coms. I am prepared to do all kinds of [illegible] [illegible] Millinery and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

Paradoxical.

The silly ignorant who pretends
To know it all soon proves a fake.
The less advice you give your friends
The more of it you find, they take.
—Puck.

It's never too late to make amends.
My [illegible] are [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] me.
The less advice I give my friends
The more they want to give to me.
—Boston Herald.

Tommy's New Year's Resolution.

Just before the school closed for the holidays the teacher [illegible] [illegible] to make at least one good resolution for the year. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] her remarks a boy in the front seat raised his hand.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "I'm glad you are going to make a good resolution. What is it, my boy?"

"Please, teacher," he replied, "I ain't goin' to let no boy in Bill [illegible] get [illegible] me."

Clothes.

The days are getting chill,
And winter's on the way.
Myrtilla will be dressed to kill
When she is dressed to sleigh.

For summer clothes are lovely biz,
But somehow, don't you know,
The girl who has a boa is
Most sure to have a beau.
—Cleveland Leader.

Brave Consideration.

"I suppose," the young matron said, addressing the spinster who was "getting along in years," "you never married because it has been impossible for you to find a man whom you considered good enough."

"Oh, no! I have found plenty of men who were good enough, but I have always felt that it was a shame to spoil a good thing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Hard Task.

He was lean of figure and long of hair,
And he twiddled his thumbs with an absent air—
He was a country poet.
He wasn't a man of worldly means.
No currency jingled in his jeans,
For it's hard lines writing for magazines
When the magazines don't know it.
—Lippincott's.

A Linen Shower.

Helen—The friends of the bride elect are going to give her a linen shower. Harold—What's a linen shower? Helen—It's a shower in which the rain comes down in sheets.—Exchange.

The Lesson.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Tommy, what does the story of the prodigal son teach? Tommy—It teaches us how to get fresh veal.—Chicago News.

Where He had Seen Her.

"Where have I met you before?" he asked the young woman to whom he had just been introduced.

"I am quite sure we have never met," replied the stranger.

"I'm almost positive I've seen you a number of times," he persisted.

"That's quite possible," returned the stranger. "I'm the young lady who poses for the moving picture heroines."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE PURSUIT OF SALLY

And the New Professor In the Woman's College.

By LOUISE OSBORN.

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

"They'll never think of looking for us here in the grove at this time." Sally Purdon looked anxiously over her shoulder with less confidence than her words implied.

"But what if they don't find us?" asked Julia breathlessly, trying to keep pace with her companion. "If we aren't able to get back to the village in time for the dinner that won't help us very much."

"We'll manage to get back all right," said Sally, looking critically through the trees at the fading light of the autumn sun. "It will be dark enough soon for us to make a dash out through the other end of the grove, through one of the farms and from there we can get to the village from the upper end. The sophomores won't expect us in that direction."

"Quick!" Sally had suddenly changed the tone of her voice and was crouching with an arm around her companion behind a clump of laurel bushes. "They're in the grove," she whispered. "Lie flat and don't breathe!"

"Oh, dear," whispered Julia as the sharp twigs scratched her face, but Sally's palm clapped suddenly over her mouth cut her complaints short.

The sound of hurried footsteps on the dead leaves and whispering voices came nearer. "They're in here somewhere," said one. "We must get Sally anyway." The footsteps suddenly ceased within a few feet of the crouching freshmen.

Sally, with one hand still held firmly over her companion's mouth, waited with every sense alert.

"They've given it up," whispered one, and the sound of the crumpling leaves announced at last a temporary relief for the freshmen. When the sounds were lost in the distance Sally crawled

[illegible]

"[illegible] Sally, with [illegible] if the girls had known you were [illegible] they would never have elected you vice president."

"Oh, I wish they hadn't. It's dreadful. They steal just the officers."

"Of course, just me and you and the treasurer and the secretary," Sally explained. "You ought to be proud to be worth stealing. Let's make a dash for the farm now before they come back." Argument having failed, Sally tried to carry her friend by main force. "Quick!" she urged. "They're coming."

The returning footsteps only made the timid vice president more stolid. "I can't move!" she moaned.

Suddenly the figure of a sophomore sprang from behind the shadows of the trees. Julia started to scream.

"Silence!" commanded the sophomore in mock solemnity.

The plucky little freshman president let go her hold on her helpless friend, dodged the attempted grasp of a second sophomore who had appeared on the scene and ran with a sure foot and a steady pulse through the dark grove toward the farm and the open country beyond. She leaped skillfully over a fence, dashed down a country lane, crept under a hedge and found herself on the open highway that led to the village.

It was now about 6 o'clock, and she had half an hour to make her way through the ranks and traps of the vigilant sophomores to her expectant classmates awaiting her in gala attire at one of the village tea rooms. Freshmen presidents had evaded sophomores before and reached their class banquets, but they had been disguised as peddlers, or smuggled in tied up in laundry bags, or wrapped in burlaps and delivered from caterers' wagons hours before the banquet.

"I'll just have to trust to luck and my own muscle," thought Sally, with undaunted nerve, as she walked along the country road.

But when as she rounded the last corner and turned into the village street, she heard the sound of quick footsteps behind the hedge at her side she felt a faltering sense of defeat.

"There she is," she heard some one call, and Sally made a sudden cut across the street and dashed through the campus gate into the protecting shadow of one of the college buildings. Safe for a moment she [illegible] along the wall to the corner of the building. Then, with head bent forward, she made another quick turn and [illegible] [illegible] into

With [illegible] of relief it came to her [illegible] don't wear [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible] [illegible]," she gasped, "how could you?"

"How could I what? Didn't you know I was here?" The man stood before her in bewilderment.

"How could I? Why, I didn't even know that you knew I was here," she stammered, trying to [illegible] [illegible] clear. "Why, you are the most unreasonable man in the world. Did you come to [illegible]

"[illegible] [illegible] Sally? Why, I'm a professor [illegible] I thought I'd try to [illegible] myself here [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"An instructor, Stephen, are you really an instructor?" Sally laughed a funny little laugh that made Stephen wince. "Well, I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Instructor, for calling you"—

The sound of the exasperating sophomores urged Sally on. "Goodby, Stephen," she said. But Stephen detained her with an outstretched hand.

"Just once, Sally," he began. "Do you want me to chuck the whole thing and get away?"

"Why, no, of course not!" she assured him, [illegible] with the sound of the approaching voices. She hurried past him and crouched down. Then with a sudden determination, she whispered, "Stephen!"

He turned and came back.

"Help me, Stephen," Sally whispered, rising to her feet. "They're after me—the sophomores. You're not an instructor now: You're just Stephen. Please"—her hands clinched his arm convulsively—"please get me to the banquet, and I'll"—

Stephen, mindful of his own not far distant college days, caught the situation in a flash. "Get down!" he commanded. "Lie as flat as you can." Sally obeyed, and Stephen threw his ample overcoat over her. Then, bending down, he began to examine the bark of a tree a few feet away.

The sophomores, completely mystified by the sudden disappearance of their prey and hesitating to make known the object of their quest to a professor, hurried by. "I thought he was the new English instructor," Stephen heard one of the sophomores exclaim. "Well, he seems to be doing botany experiments."

Two minutes later Stephen left the tree and came cautiously over to Sally. "I guess I can dash down to the tea rooms now," suggested Sally from beneath the coat.

Stephen had other plans. "Here!" he ordered, lifting her up and tucking her hands into the sleeves of the overcoat. "Can you tie your hair down so that it will go into my hat?" And, while Sally worked with sure fingers pinning down her disheveled hair, the instructor began unlacing his heavy boots.

"The coat is long enough to cover your dress, and the collar turned up will come to your ears, and the hat pulled down will hide your forehead. Sit down a second while I fasten these over your shoes. You can walk in the way with the rest [illegible] [illegible]."

The [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] drawn [illegible] [illegible] with a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] "How [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Purdon [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in vain for the name of the one who [illegible] [illegible] was a "[illegible]," Sally told them, with a twinkle in her eye that only increased their curiosity.

Two days later Sally encountered Stephen in the campus.

"Stephen!" she exclaimed. "It was the biggest freshman triumph in years." She laughed with enthusiasm [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] you want [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] if you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] said Sally, trying to imitate his tone. "I will."

The Dietitian.

Spite of his [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] all [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible],
Build an iron constitution.
—Life.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

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HIGHEST CASH PRICE

—paid for—

BUTTER,
EGGS
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POULTRY.

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HAZELHURST, - PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Charles D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to Walter Newton of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demands upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

WALTER NEWTON,
Executor.

Kinzua, Warren Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1900.

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OATS
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for front doors, sliding, inside or store doors, both plain and ornamental we have in our handsome stock of builders' hardware. We have many new designs to show you and we are always glad to figure on single sets or for the complete furnishing of a house or building in knobs and locks. Our stock of tools, stoves, hardware and crockery is worthy of your inspection at

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1910.

Local and General.

—The next attraction at the Lyceum is "The Toymakers."

—Wm. Monheimer has an interesting advertisement in this issue.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. William Senn on Friday, Jan. 14, 1910, a girl.

—Don't forget the primaries which are to be held on Saturday afternoon.

—Means Brothers' advertisement in this issue will interest every reader of this paper.

—Read the special prices in the Clearance Sale advertisement of The Lindholm Company.

—The heavy rain Monday night made walking extremely difficult on our streets on Tuesday.

—Mrs J. Clayton Backus entertained the Kensington Club and their husbands at cards last Friday evening.

—The pupils of the different grades in the High School have been enjoying sleighriding parties for the past week.

—Mrs. James McGuire entertained a large party of friends at her rooms in the Grand Central Hotel on Friday afternoon.

—Go to the polls Saturday afternoon and cast your ballot for those you prefer to have on your party ticket for local offices.

—Mr. and Mrs. Alex Cunningham wish to thank their many friends and neighbors who were so kind during the sickness and death of their nephew, Norman Bush.

—The members of the Kensington Club were entertained on Wednesday by Mrs. C. G. Raymond at her home in Port Allegany.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. Scott Walker entertained a large party of ladies and gentlemen at euchre at their home on Green street last Thursday evening.

—The people of Smethport are lucky. Thus far we have heard of no serious accidents from falls this week on the slippery walks.

—This is much like the good old-fashioned winters. Our exchanges are telling of snow blocked roads and drifts that are as high as small houses.

—The heavy rains of Monday will do much toward relieving the stringency in the water supply throughout the country and it did not injure the sleighing seriously.

—It is said that Mrs. Charles Miller, wife of General Charles Miller, the Franklin, Pa., millionaire who is suing for a divorce, will enter a counter suit for $500,000 as a settlement.

—The Michael J. Donehue farm of 174 acres, located 1 1-4 miles from Canaseraga, N. Y., was sold Thursday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to former Sheriff Lloyd Miller, who has taken possession.

—The Lyceum was fairly well filled on Tuesday evening to see "The Wizard of Wiseland" which was presented by a fairly capable company. This production is presented for amusement purposes only and succeeded fairly well in entertaining the people present.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Abbey entertained a number of their friends at their home on Bank street last Thursday evening, it being their 26th wedding anniversary. This well-known couple were the recipients of many beautiful and useful presents from their many friends.

—Monday evening at 7 o'clock George Rearick found the unconscious form of Ed Wheaton, a woodsman lying face down on the Galeton bridge. Thinking the man dead drunk he summoned the police and together the man was carried to the borough lockup. Upon reaching there it was discovered that he was in bad condition, and Dr. Rumsey was summoned. He died however before the doctor arrived.—Potter Democrat.

—In a picture copyrighted by The New York American showing Colonel Roosevelt examining a rifle preparatory to entering the jungle for rhinoceri, the "rifle" is in the foreground and to a person who has "gunned some" it looks very much like a double-barreled shot gun.

—On Sunday last at the Bradford hospital, occurred the death of Dr. James C. Walker, one of Bradford's most prominent doctors. He had been ill for some time and for the last few week his trouble had been of a serious nature. He was deservedly popular and his death will be keenly felt by many friends.

—News reached here last Thursday that John Adams, who formerly worked here in the Berney-Bond Bottle factory had been shot and killed at Warwick, Ohio, by a fellow workman. It is said that Adams and the man who killed him were in the cement block business as partners and during a quarrel Adams received his death wound.

—"There is a "fool's hill." Nearly every boy comes to the foot of it and occasionally one hears the gentle swish of skirts in that latitude. But we are inclined to believe that, if boys and girls could be a little closer to their parents between the ages of 12 and 16, there wouldn't need to be quite so many disastrous excursions along this slippery hillside.—Ex.

—Washington women have started a movement which is to spread all over the United States that will have a tendency to reduce high prices on food stuffs. Their idea is to boycott all articles for which an excessive price is charged. As many wealthy as well as poor women are going into this organization the boycott cannot very well help accomplishing something.

—Miss Mildred K. Savage of Springville, N. Y., 17 years old, met death last Friday in a runaway accident at Otto, near Salamanca. The girl was driving with Mrs. Selina Scofield when the horse got beyond control. Both were thrown from the cutter and Miss Savage struck on her head. Her scalp was badly cut and her skull was fractured. Mrs. Scofield received a bad [illegible].

—The Sunday services of the Wesleyan Methodist Church will be held [illegible] the Baptist church next Sunday at [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Beginning Monday, Jan. 24, Rev. C. H. Dow, President of the Lockport Conference, will preach each night until Feb. [illegible], and the meetings will conclude with a quarterly meeting. All are cordially invited to attend all the services. M. K. [illegible], pastor.

—Many complaints have been received from the mountain regions of the State that bears are increasing so rapidly as to constitute a nuisance. Farmers' children have been frightened and the marauding animals have broken into barns and other out-buildings. This is the first year the open season for bears closed January 1. Formerly it was April 1 and a movement is already on foot to have the next legislature restore the old season, so that more of the bears may be killed, says an exchange. This condition does not seem to prevail here.

—Matthew Stephen Kanavy, aged thirty-five years, died at the County Home Monday morning of tuberculosis. He had been in poor health for a number of years, being much crippled with rheumatism along with the other diseases. About two months ago he was admitted to the home and his condition then was such that it was plain to be seen that he could not live long. The remains were taken to Kane Monday evening to the home of his father, P. Kanavy. He is survived by a wife and two daughters, besides a father, three sisters and one brother.

—"Thrust a dagger through my heart three times to make sure I am dead. Let my body lie ten days, cremate it then and bury the ashes in the Allegheny cemetery." These written instructions were left by Laura White, single, aged 65 years, a supposed pauper, living alone, whose body, badly decomposed and half eaten up by rats, was found in a room in Pittsburg on Sunday. Police found bank books and a will disposing of $100,000 to local charitable institutions in a trunk in the poorly furnished house. The will found by the police asks as a special request that a competent medical authority examine her.

—After lying in a comatose condition for 107 days, Mrs. Kate Mendelsohn, aged 30, of 1824 Bedford avenue, Pittsburg, died at 9:45 a. m. Sunday in the Passavant hospital. She simply slept away, and her death was apparently as painless as the last few months of her life. Her illness and death has contributed to the medical history of the state. Her case was never successfully diagnosed and it baffled every attending physician and alienist who was consulted. Her husband has remarked that the night that he awoke and discovered her in the comatose state, their baby was lying on the floor and he thinks that his wife probably saw the child fall and feared it had been killed and as a result lost her mind and went into the condition which her husband found her later.

Subscribe for The Miner.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3, $3.50 & $4 SHOES

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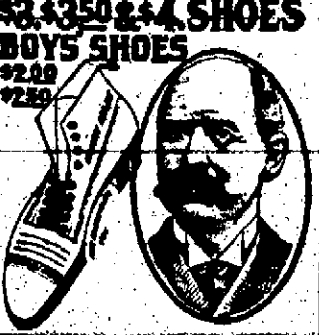

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"I have worn W. L. Douglas shoes for the past six years, and always find they are far superior to all other high grade shoes in style, comfort and durability." W. G. JONES, 119 Howard Ave., Utica, N. Y.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would realize why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other make.

CAUTION—See that W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom. Take No Substitute. If your dealer cannot fit you with W. L. Douglas shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

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JUST A WORD

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SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

A New Delight—

Foods Shot from Guns

There are myriads of homes where these foods are not new—these delicious Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The people who know them are already serving seventeen million dishes per month.

But to millions of others these foods remain a new and unknown delight. And to those this appeal is addressed.

The appeal is to try one package—just for the children's sake.

Serve it tomorrow morning. Listen to what they say. Then ask them what food they want next.

Wheat and rice are common foods, prepared in numerous ways. See if this way is best.

We make all sorts of cereal foods, so it matters little to us which kind you prefer.

But it means much to you to get the food that you like best. See if Puffed Wheat is that food.

Puffed Wheat—10c Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process:

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

(8)

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Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.
Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1908.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.
Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

We Americans fancy we are just a little bit swifter than any other people, but Germany is "beating us to it," so to speak, in fine shape. Over there they are actually arranging to commercialize airship travel. A company with $700,000 capital has been formed and the Zeppelin dirigibles are to be put in commission regularly with the opening of spring. Alas, that the supposedly phlegmatic Teutons should set so fast a pace! In this country we are very much in the experimental stage of "droming," which is Alexander Graham Bell's term for aeroplaning. That is the flying-machine in action. To dirigible airships we are paying but scant attention, whereas Zeppelin, the German inventor, has reached such perfection of operation and safety that his backers are willing to risk transporting passengers at so much per. The scheme contemplates stations at certain leading German cities and it is calculated that the spirit of adventure and the novelty of the experience will engender enough interest in the enterprise from the start to make it a success, in which event it will be reduced to the plane of ordinary business, says the Pittsburg Gazette-Times. There are many details to be worked out, but the fact that so large a capital has been subscribed indicates that there is no doubt in the minds of the promoters as to the practibility and utility of the undertaking.

They go in for these innovations on the other side of the Atlantic in a manner that is surprising when we consider their conservatism in other directions. The cycle and automobile were common in Europe when they were rare curiosities in the United States, though we boast of skilled mechanics and venturesome ingenuity here. Our conquest of the air is still of the circus and spectacular variety in spite of the fact that this is the home of Knabenshue, the Wrights, Curtiss and other pioneers of dirigible and heavier-than-air craft. And now Germany is going to put it all over us, while our strap-hangers mourn and will not be comforted!

Washington Letter.

(From our regular correspondent.)

A picture which reflects the prosperity of the country, and especially that of the farmer, is drawn in the statement of domestic exports for '09 prepared by the bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Corn at 70 cents a bushel, wheat at $1.04 cents and about 12 cents for every pound of cotton exported is the record. More than $24,000,000 worth of corn and $48,000,000 worth of wheat went from American ports to feed the world last year. More than $400,000,000 worth of cotton went to foreign looms and as these figures show only the exports, the detailed statement will be larger. While there are some decreases from 1908 the showing on the whole is entirely satisfactory.

A decided change in policy has been adopted by the Rivers and Harbors committee of the house. Hereafter an annual Rivers and Harbors appropriation bill will be prepared by the committee from estimates submitted at the beginning of each session. It has been the practice of the committee since 1882 to daft a Rivers and Harbors bill every other year and at times three years have intervened between bills. The committee is at work on a measure which will authorize the expediture of about $3,000,000. The last bill was passed at the close $75,000,000.

President Taft is talking earnestly and frankly to members of Congress, both regular and insurgent pointing out to them the folly of their course in permitting controversies of a personal nature to regard legislation, create the impression in the public mind that the national legislature is devoting most of its time to fighting and thus menacing Republican success next November. The president takes the ground that a large part of the existing strife is purile. To those who have insisted on the importance of eliminating Cannonism, Mr. Taft has pointed out that their aim can be best achieved by a sincere and earnest campaign and can in nowise be promoted by petty warfare. A victory over Mr. Cannon when there is something at stake, as for instance legislation recommended by the administration, he has pointed out, would mean a great deal. Mr. Taft has also admonished the regular Republicans not to go about with chips on their shoulders seeking occasions to make things unpleasant for the insurgents. He has not hesitated to voice his contempt for some of the methods adopted but he is disposed to believe that as the work of the session advances and members have really important affairs to occupy their minds they will abandon their factional bickering and devote themselves earnestly to serious work.

There is a disposition in administration and political circles in Washington not to view national conferences and conventions, other than political with great seriousness, but the expectations entertained with regard to the National Conference on Uniform State Legislation which will meet here on January 17, 18 and 19 is an exception to the rule. The members of highly important subjects which this conference is to discuss, the ability and character of the men who will participate in the discussions and the widely representative tone of the conference itself all lend to the belief that genuinely important results may be effected. The President has already begun work on the address which he will deliver and a long list of important speakers has been secured.

Representative Lamb of Virginia has introduced a bill providing that $300,100 be paid by the government to Colonel Robert E. Lee, Jr., administrator de bonis non of George Washington's estate, for the alleged loss of land in Hamilton and Clermont counties, Ohio, which originally belonged to the first President. There can be no doubt that some difficulty will be experienced by Mr. Lamb in obtaining the passage of the bill, but an even more difficult task would await the administrators of the claim should they be called upon to find the rightful heirs of General Washington. The claim of Colonel Lee rests on the following basis: Lord Dunmore of Virginia issued a land warrant to John Rootes in 1763 which was bought from him by General George Washington. Later the legislature of Virginia passed a joint resolution which provided that all persons who served in the army and held land warrants might exchange them for warrants which would permit them to locate on the vacant lands reserved on the Western side of the Ohio river for officers and soldiers of the Continental army. General Washington is said to have obtained 3,05[illegible] acres in this manner. According to Colonel Lee the surveys were confirmed by Congress but later a deputy surveyor from Virginia made three others completely covering the locations which General Washington had chosen. Other persons bought the land and Colonel Lee now comes to Congress for recompense. The matter has been under consideration in Congress before and its publicity has resulted in greatly increasing the number of persons who claim to be living heirs of General Washington. Colonel Lee has received dozens of letters from near relatives of Washington and he views with great trepidation the passage of the bill. It was referred to the Committee on Claims.

All prospect of Congress taking any action which will result in the recognition of the belligerency of the Estrada government was removed when the Foreign Affairs committee of the House tabled the Sulzer resolution providing for such action. The House believes that Secretary Knox is entirely capable of meeting any diplomatic emergency.

Advertise in The Miner.

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—Presents—
The Toy Makers
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Dramatized from his Very Latest Book of the same name, and also the the Author of
QUINCY ADAMS SAWYER
25 Original Numbers of Pretty Music. A Clever Company of Actors, Singers, Dancers and Comedians.
Our Special Scenery
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150 MINUTES OF
The Laughter that Cheers. The Music that Charms.
Prices, 25c, 35c and 50c
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To My Customers

I have now in stock at a very low price, a quantity of globes that fit the Cunningham Light.

Don't forget the Place.

E. W. Strong

IF YOU WANT A FINE FARM HOUSE, HERE IT IS.

110 ACRE FARM WITH
FINE HOUSE,
CLOSE TO ELDRED,
FOR SALE RIGHT.

We offer for sale a productive farm of 110 acres located one mile from Eldred, Pa., on R. F. D. Smooth valley and hill land, 75 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture and small oak and chestnut timber. Well watered; fair fences. New 14-room house plumbed for gas and city water, toilet and bath, good cellar. One barn 30x46, new roof, one barn 30x40. Barns in good repair. This farm is 1 1-4 miles from cheese factory, 1-2 mile from high school and one mile from railroad station. Price $3,500. Terms $1,500 cash, balance $200 a year and interest. This is a fine farm on the main road to Port Allegany; lays nice, and buildings alone are worth what it is priced at. If you want a good farm, finely located don't let this one get away. Call on J. S. Cotton or write or telephone.

HERRICK AGENCY,
Bolivar, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

FISH,
OYSTERS,
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Maurice River Cove Oysters in shell. clams and tub oysters. Come Tuesdays and Fridays. Fresh saltwater fish every Friday.
QUIRK'S RESTURANT.

NEW FEED MILL
Having opened a new feed mill on
EAST STREET
we are prepared to furnish to all the best of mill stuffs
Flour,
Feed,
Grain,
Alfalfa,
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Straw
at lowest prices
A. E. Hacket & Son

SOME LAUNDRIES
Do good work some of the time.
MANY LAUNDRIES
Do good work most of the time.
This Laundry
Does good work ALL OF THE TIME.
We Solicit Your Work.
City Steam Laundry
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Morrison & Hogarth, local agents, Armstrong's Drug Store.

Call at my Store and look over my Stock of
HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.
The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE!
EVERYTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES!
H. W. Rubin,
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1910 Art Calendar 1910
Free
Cut out this card and send it to us with two cents in stamps to cover cost of postage and we will send you our 1910 Art Calendar. All the months of the year are visible at one time on this calendar, and it is embellished by a reproduction of the famous painting "Motherhood".
This Bank pays 4% Compound Interest on Savings.
You can bank by mail as easily as in person. Booklet on request.
Capital and Surplus, 10 Millions.
THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
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A BIG SAVING!
THE BEST BOYS' MAGAZINE AND THE BEST NEWSPAPER
AT A REMARKABLY LOW PRICE
That's what comes of getting together. We have combined with the publisher of THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and the result is that you can have THE BOYS' MAGAZINE and YOUR OWN PAPER, THE McKEAN MINER, for the very low price given below.
You cannot bring into the life of the boy you love a greater pleasure or a stronger influence for good than a year's subscription to The Boys' Magazine.
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Director of Athletics at Yale University, is a feature. Every boy should read Mr. Camp's ideas of true, manly sportsmanship.
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THE BOYS' MAGAZINE, ONE YEAR,
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BOTH FOR $1.60
SEND IN YOUR ORDER NOW
ADDRESS
The McKean County Miner, Smethport, Pa.

Why You Should Trade at
BRENNAN'S
We have the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries to be found in this vicinity. We also buy the best,—thus the cousumers always get the best.
Fair and courteous treatment to our patrons has made it possible for us to retain their trade and good will. Join the Crowd and trade where you get Satisfaction.
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THE CASH GROCER

Bric a Brac,
Books for Children,
Copyrights,
Popular Fiction at 50c a Copy.
Call and see what we Have to offer.
McCoy's Drug Store

McCall's Patterns

The Lindholm Co.'s

January Clearance Sale!

Continued Uutil January 29

The reduction in prices during this January Clearance Sale are the greatest of the year, affording a substantial saving on every purchase. Our first week of this sale was a big success. Crowds of satisfied buyers visited our store. Our entire stock of this season's up-to-date merchandise, including ladies' and misses' coats, suits, skirts, petticoats, fur sets, millinery and shoes, and all lines of dry goods and undergarments being sold at exceptionally low prices. No matter what sales you may read of elsewhere, do yourself the justice to, at least, observe what is here—and compare qualities and prices with other stocks. If you do this, we KNOW where you will spend your money.

The following are a few of the many special items, on sale here at less than cost of Manufacturer.

Misses' and Children's Coats.

in Sizes 4 to 15, Fancy Mixtures.

$8.00 coats for $3.95.
$7.00 coats for $3.50.
$5.50 coats for $2.75.
$5.00 coats for $2.45.
$4.50 coats for $2.25.
$4.00 coats for $1.98.
$3.50 coats for $1.65.

Ladies and Girls Fur Neck Pieces,

about 30 in all in Mink, Musk Rat, Isabela Fox, and Squirrel Skins, prices range from $4.00 to $23.00, special for the balance of this week and next week at (½) one half price.

Wool Blankets.

$7.25 all wool Blankets 1¼ wide for	$4.00
$6.00 all wool Blankets 1¼ wide for	$3.25

Ladies Golf Gloves.

Ladies 50 cent Gloves for	29c
Ladies 25 cent Gloves for	14c

Shoes.

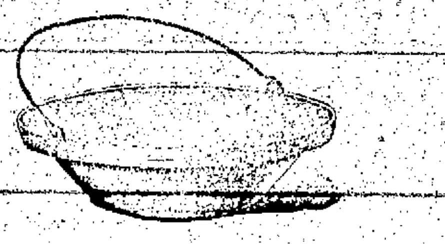
$4.00 Queen Quality Shoes for	$2.50
$3.50 Queen Quality Shoes for	$2.25
$3.00 Queen Quality Shoes for	$2.00
$2.50 Dorris Shoes for	$1.85
$2.25 Dorris Shoes for	$1.65

Towling.

One lot of 15c unbleached towling, special at, per yd	9c

The Lindholm Company
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Gas Pancake Griddle



The Detroit Jewel Gas cake griddle heats quickly, evenly and does not burn like the common griddle. For sale at

DALY & GARLICK'S
Hardware

Call and See the line

McKean County Miner
Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1910.

Local and General.

—The days are growing perceptably longer.

—The Rev. W. E. VanDyke addressed the students of the High School last Monday morning.

—The *Frogs* are getting hungry and some of the peepers are hereby warned to take warning.

—Mr. Ed Hedman and Miss Louise C. Siffrian, both of Kane, were married at the residence of Rev. W. A. Harris on Saturday morning last, Jan. 15th, 1910.

—The Rev. S. A. Morse of Olean, N. Y., preached in the Methodist Episcopal church last Sunday evening and held the Quarterly Conference on Monday evening.

—The Austin Examiner which was launched on the journalistic seas at Austin, Pa., early in December last has been wrecked on the rocks of adversity and is reported to be out of the race for good.

—It is advisible for all automobile drivers in this place and vicinity to call at once on R. E. Burdick and get their license tags to avoid trouble. By a special dispensation from the powers that be he has been made district deputy for this section.

—Mirth and melody by a company of clever artists, appearing under the name of "The Jollities," will be given at the Lyceum on Wednesday, Jan. 26, when they appear in "The Toymakers," a new musical absurdity by Charles Felton Pidgin, author of "Quincy Adams Sawyer," the greatest New England story ever written.

—In accordance with a State law, drivers of automobiles are now required to wear a driver's license badge and there is much consternation as a result—not especially because a license is required, but on account of the size of the badge and the $2 cost. The badge which is considerably larger than a police officer's, is shaped like a keystone and suitably engraved.

—Mt. Jewett News: In various rumors from different parts of the county regarding prospective candidates for county offices none are mentioned oftener than the name of John A. Peterson of Bradford, for sheriff. Mr. Peterson is a genial, well qualified man and has made an excellent record during his three terms as county commissioner, and his friends claim that the county cannot afford to loose the benefit of his experience with the business of the county.

—A party of friends numbering over twenty assembled in the chapel of the Methodist Episcopal church last Friday evening and gave a surprise to Mrs. Charles W. Freeman in honor of her birthday. It was a complete surprise and a gift of some dishes made the surprise the more complete to all concerned. A luncheon was served and after a delightful evening all dispersed with many kind wishes for the years that are yet to come.

—Last Friday night a sleigh load of young people drove up to Crosby and enjoyed a little private dance at the hall in that place. It is reported that while the festivities were going on some of the young people from that place went into the cloak room and did considerable damage to the clothing of the visitors. Such an action is most deplorable and the guilty party or parties should be apprehended and made to pay for their dastardly acts.

—Col. Smedley, the champion heavyweight caterer of Northern Pennsylvania, was lucky yesterday—even if it was the 13th of the month. The colonel, while superintending the construction of an impromptu feast at the St. James grill, became the recipient of a pearl as large as an ordinary pea. It was contained in the shell of a very corpulent oyster and after the excitement attendant upon its discovery had subsided, a local expert was called upon to investigate the find. The pearl was pronounced a fine specimen and its value was placed at a high figure.—Bradford Era.

—Jennie Sebastiano, a girl whose alleged abduction from Johnsonburg had caused quite a sensation in Bradford's Italian colony, was located last night in Bolivar, N. Y. The girl was brought to Bradford by a Bolivar man and will probably be taken home this afternoon by her mother. Tony Demerto, the gay gent who took the girl from her home, has disappeared. It developed to-day that the girl has a husband who is now in the vicinity of Johnsonburg. Her mother came to Bradford last evening and spent the night in searching for her runaway daughter. The girl is only 15 years old, but seems well versed in the ways of the world.—Monday's Star-Record.

—Frank Lord, wife and child, went through Bradford last evening on their way to Youngstown, O., says Tuesday's Era. They came from Hazel Hurst. Here the pair took a car to Salamanca to catch a main line Erie train for their destination. But soon after their departure from Bradford the local police learned that a Hazel Hurst constable desired their arrest. He stated that they had stolen $100 in cash and taken valuables, etc., from a Hazel Hurst man. The Bradford police became busy at once and the couple were located at Salamanca. They were arrested and are now in [illegible] Italians.

Personal Mention.

Andrew Hanley spent Sunday with Olean friends.

Keith Cotter of Eldred is attending court this week.

Miss Cynthia Chapin was an Olean visitor last week.

Mrs. H. C. Wells was a Bradford visitor last Saturday.

Ben Oviatt of this office was a Bradford visitor Friday.

John Sherburne of Olean was a visitor in town yesterday.

Phil Carson of Randolph, N. Y., was a visitor in town this week.

H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Edward Benson, Esq., of Mt. Jewett was a visitor in town this week.

V. J. Coleman of Port Allegany is doing jury duty at court this week.

Howard E. Merrill of New York was a brief visitor in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin left on Tuesday for a visit to New York City.

Mrs. W. R. Andrews spent Sunday with her husband and son at Shinglehouse.

Mrs. C. B. Corwin returned home Tuesday from a visit to Bradford friends.

Mrs. Roy Martindale of Port Allegany spent Sunday with her parents in this place.

Mrs. J. A. Simpson of Salamanca, N. Y., is spnding a few days with Mrs. C. D. Comes.

Mrs. Wilton Hall of Randolph, N. Y., is visiting her brother, Dr. John V. McAlpin.

Mrs. Andrew Campbell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Biggins, of Sharpsville, Pa.

Charles McKean and H. H. Redfield are making a trip of two or three weeks' to Bogalusa, La.

Miss Sadie Stokes of Kushequa has been visiting for a few days at the home of Charles W. Freeman.

Frank Sherburne of New Bethlehem, Pa., was in town yesterday to attend the funeral of Alfred Hagberg.

A. H. King, the auctioneer from Erie, is here selling goods for Fry & Comes. Mr. King is just as jovial and full of jokes as ever and always draws a large crowd.

Vernon Warrenberger who has been for the past year or two in the United States Navy has retuned to Smethport. He looks fine and talks entertainingly of his experiences and his many friends are glad to welcome him back again.

Home Journal Patterns 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

Monarch Shirts $1.00 to $1.50.

AUCTION CLEARING SALE

JANUARY 17 to 29, INCLUSIVE

SALES COMMENCE 2 p. m. and 7 p. m.

Our second annual Auction Clearance Sale will take place on above dates. We have engaged Mr. King of Erie, Pa., who auctioned for us last January at our first sale giving general satisfaction.

Conditions of this sale will be same as the first one, viz: Everything as represented or money refunded. Highest bidder gets the goods.

TERMS: Spot cash at time of sale. No bid will excepted for more than regular sale price--We won't let you pay too much.

This is not a sale of goods bought for sale purposes--Everything offered is from our regular stocks. We take this method of ridding our shelves of all surplus stocks so that we can show only new merchandise when the spring season opens. With three months of cold weather ahead this sale will be a great money saver for you—Come.

SHEETING
OUTING FLANNELS
FLANNELETTS
GINGHAMS
DRESS GOODS
FLANNELS
SILKS
SKIRTS

LINENS
TOWELINGS
BEDSPREADS
BEDDING
WAISTS
LACES
EMBROIDERIES
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR

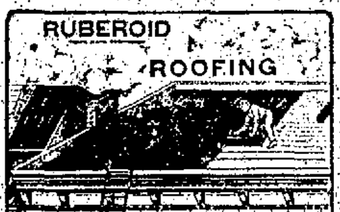
PICTURES
CHINA
HOSIERY
UNDERWEAR
SWEATERS
SHIRTS
MITTENS
FURS

GET YOUR SHARE

Fry & Comes

SMETHPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF RUBEROID ROOFING by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
SMETHPORT PENN'A.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Monheimer's
Big Clothing
SALE
IS NOW ON.

BUY NOW
and save from $5.00 to $8.00 on an overcoat or suit. Your money's worth or your money back.

MONHEIMER'S.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

THE WOOING OF A MAN FROM TEXAS.

Wiles of Cupid Supplemented by a New York Policeman.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

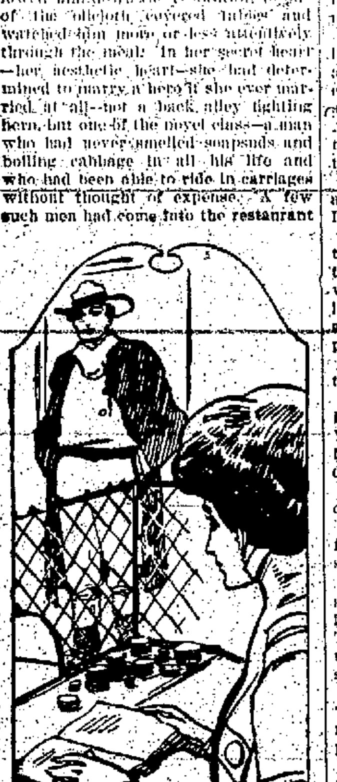
[Copyright, 190[illegible], by American Press Association.]

It was only a cheap downtown restaurant that reeked with the odors of cabbage and onions and boiled dinners, and the cashier's desk itself was an affair of a secondhand auction house, but the girl behind it had the air of a duchess extending her hand to be kissed. When the red faced proprietor scolded her she listened indifferently or with the slightest upcurl of her lip, and when he tried to be jocose or to make love her manner was just the same. Many times he had threatened to discharge her or to marry her offhand, but before her superbly indifferent eyes the words had died in his throat, and he had apologized and scowled and grumbled in the same breath. She was good at figures, was absolutely trustworthy, was a draw to trade, and these attributes were valuable to a man who could neither read nor combine figures himself. Besides, his hold upon her father was sufficient to make her marry him whenever he wished. So, whatever his determination in secret, in her presence he quailed and waited.

In the cashier's desk was a book on etiquette which bore the marks of much study, and with it were several novels of the old school type, where the heroines were proudly indifferent or sentimentally silly. These books had molded the aesthetic side of Big Kate's life, as had her determined attendance at night schools.

Suitors Big Kate had had in plenty, though her home life was in a cellar, with the perpetual steam of her mother's washtubs and the smoke of her father's pipe stifling the atmosphere and with the scolding of the one and the utter shiftlessness of the other stirring her to early and abnormal activity. Big Kate's beauty was of an unusual and stately type for such environment, and the very [illegible] her with more deference. [illegible] not one of the suitors had been shown kindness, however, and least of all to Red Pete, the restaurant owner, to whom it was an open secret that her father had promised her in return for unlimited and gratuitous whisky. The girl herself was aware of the promise and their two years of it had been paid when she entered upon her duties at the restaurant.

As customers came in her eyes gave them a single glance, and if by rare chance one of them was of the world described in the novels her eyes followed him down the restaurant to one of the oilcloth covered tables and watched him more or less attentively through the meal. In her secret heart—her aesthetic heart—she had determined to marry a hero if she ever married at all—not a back alley fighting hero, but one of the novel class—a man who had never smelled soapsuds and boiling cabbage in all his life and who had been able to ride in carriages without thought of expense. A few such men had come into the restaurant in the two years, but the ones she approved of had scarcely noticed her, while those who paused at the desk with bold admiration had been sent on their way by a single inquiring glance of her cold eyes.


A MAN CAME IN WHO CHALLENGED HER ATTENTION.

Then one day a man came in who challenged her attention at the very door, he was so big and strong and friendly looking. But his trousers were thrown negligently into long, unblacked boots, and he wore a wide brimmed hat, which flapped as he walked, and there was a huge belt about his waist and a bright handkerchief knotted carelessly about his throat. As her eyes took in these damaging facts they returned to the book of etiquette which lay open among her businesslike pile of coins.

But a moment later their corners saw something that made them lift again and look straight down the restaurant. Two young girls were seated at one of the tables, and a flashily dressed youth had taken a chair and pushed it directly between them. In their evident annoyance the newcomer took no notice. His glance seemed to take in everything in the room and this situation among the rest. As he passed the girls one hand removed the broad brimmed hat, while the other dropped upon the youth's shoulder and lifted him with a strong, easy motion high into the air. In that position the youth was carried two tables down and dropped into another chair with the remark, plainly audible through the room: "There, sonny; that's the cheer ye'd ought to 'a' took. Now, don't git flustered an' cry, but eat your mush an' molasses like a nice little boy should an' then run out an' play. I'll take this next cheer, an' we'll be a little faintly sosherble, you an' me."

Involuntarily Big Kate smiled her warm approval of the act, and the stranger, whose glance was again roving about the room, caught the smile direct. Instantly he rose to his feet and came straight to her, his face full of responsive interest.

"Thank ye for that smile, miss," he said frankly. "It's the first real friendly look I've had since I left Texas. This city seems to be mostly full o' strangers, with nobody to round up. Don't it seem that way to ye?"

"I don't know," she answered vaguely. "I've never thought about it that way. But, then, you see, I've never been out of the city in my life."

"Never been out the city!" in amazement. "Good Lord! An' I've never been in one like this before. Say, what do folks do here for amusement—grass fed country folks, I mean? Ye see, I only come in last night with a bunch of cattle, an' I've got to stay here a whole week to end up the sale. What'll I do evenin's an' off times?"

"Why, there is the bridge," doubtfully, "and trolley rides. Strangers do them, I believe. Then there are the theaters."

"That's so," with jubilant relief in his voice. "I've heared 'bout the New York theayters. Of course I must see them. But I'm feared I'll be like the bull in the china shop that I've read of if I try to do the thing alone. I don't s'pose ye'd—be—be willin' to sort of start me this first evenin'? Ye see, I've never been in a theayter in all my life. Of course I know it ain't the real proper way," shamefacedly. "There ought to be introducin's an' things [illegible] an' all that, but I don't know a single man in all New York [illegible] in a city, but [illegible] up a stake or a [illegible] [illegible] square, an' [illegible]. Will ye go?"

Big Kate considered. At first her eyes had returned to her book of etiquette, then after a little had gone up to the frank, boyish face looking down at her. It was an open, manly face, with straight, honest eyes.

"Yes, I will be glad to go," she answered. "You may call for me at the [illegible]" she was about to say the restaurant, but substituted instead with a [illegible] defiant flush, "the cellar below the Chinese laundry on the corner. My people live in a cellar."

The next morning the Texan came into the restaurant for his breakfast and stopped at the cashier's desk longer than was necessary on his way out, and the same at dinner and at supper. At supper he remained long enough at the desk to obtain Big Kate's consent to go with him again to the theater.

The third evening when he stopped at the desk with his supper check Red Pete appeared.

"Look-a-here, Mr. Cowboy," he blustered, "we don't want any more o' this. I'm willin' for the men to talk with Big Kate, for it draws trade, but it mustn't go too fur. I don't want any more theater goin'. She's my promised wife."

The Texan flashed a quick look at the cashier. She smiled calmly.

"It's the old man's promise, Red Pete," she said serenely, "not mine. Yes," to the Texan, "I'll go with you. I thought the cellar would make some difference. I'm glad it don't."

Red Pete broke into a torrent of oaths, stamping his feet.

"If he does go with ye, it'll be clubs for him. I've got good friends on the street."

When he went out the Texan saw a policeman a few doors away. Obeying a sudden impulse, he went to him. This was unfamiliar ground, and it might be well to play the game shrewdly.

"Hello, pardner!" he began affably. "Reckon you've got a toler'ble broken range on this street. Plenty o' stampedin' an' buckin', ain't they?"

"It's a little rough, if that's what you mean," replied the officer doubtfully.

"I s'posed so from the way things boil. Well, if ye ever want quiet come down to Texas, an' if ye ever come near the XXX ranch ask for Many Horse Charlie—that's me. I'll put the world up to ye right. Money's easy down there. Here, drop this into your pocket," transferring a note that made the officer's eyes glisten. "I don't reckon the city pays more 'n half what ye earn, an' it's a duty for the people to make up the rest. Well, so long."

The officer's eyes followed him gratefully.

"That's a gentleman," he soliloquized as he carefully folded the note and put it away into a place of safety. "If he ever needs a friend I hope I may be near."

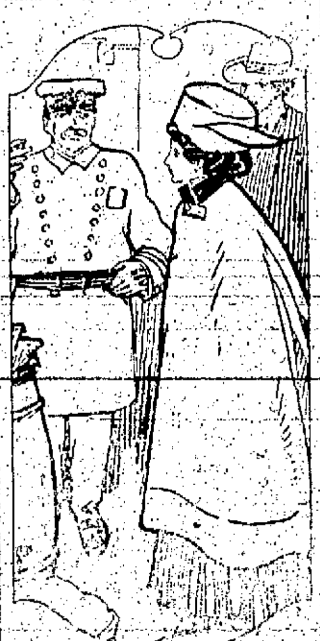
The next day was a busy one, for the Texan was closing out his herd and the deal would take him until late in the evening, but he made time for a few minutes' run into the restaurant.

"I won't be able to git round for the theayter tonight, Katie," he said as he leaned over the desk, "but it won't matter so much now, after what we talked over last night. It seems a good deal o' hurry, don't it? But the herd'll be closed out today, an' I'll be gittin' back to the range [illegible] a thousand head [illegible] right now. [illegible] so. But after what ye said [illegible] ye wouldn't mind [illegible]. Ye'll [illegible] nice house down there [illegible] all—an' I'll try to make it up to ye for havin' to take all on—on trust."

Big Kate lifted her eyes toward him. The etiquette book and the novels were on the desk, covered with a lot of papers. She had not looked at them for two days. There was a new expression on her face.

"I'm not taking a thing on trust, Charlie—not a single thing," she declared. "It's all in your face plain and in your eyes. I know every word you've said is perfectly true. It seems strange though. I've often thought about marrying, but the man never looked the least bit like you, and now," a soft flush stealing over her face, "it don't seem as if I could want to marry a man who looked any different, boots or hat or—or anything."

"Thank ye, Katie. An' now there's another thing," lowering his voice. "Your folks ain't done what they ought by ye, but they're your folks just the same. Now, I want ye to take this," slipping a roll of money into her hand, "an' spend it on 'em in any way ye think best. No," at the look in her face, "ye mustn't feel put out or mortified. 'Tain't nothin' to what ye're doin' for me—takin' everything on trust. An', besides, ye'll be my wife tomorrow, when it'll be all right for ye to take anything. Why not a few hours sooner, when ye can lay it out on your[illegible] an' [illegible] done like ye want? There, that's right," as she slipped the money into her dress with heightened color, but trustful eyes. "Now I'd better be goin'. Red Pete's tearin' this way fit to kill, an' I don't want to start a row today. Remember, tomorrow at noon. I'll have a license, an' we'll find a preacher somewhere. Goodby."


"NOW, YOU TWO HURRY UP THAT SIDE STREET."

He bent over suddenly and pressed a kiss upon her forehead. As he did so there came a wild bellow of rage from Red Pete. The Texan dodged through the door, laughing, followed by a choking: "Don't ye ever come in here ag'in! Don't ye ever dare!"

The following noon Red Pete was waiting for him. He had been waiting all day. As the Texan appeared he sprang forward savagely.

"Get out o' here!" he yelled. "If ye don't I'll have ye 'rested. I'll set the whole street on ye. They're all my friends."

"Come, Katie," said the Texan quietly.

As she stepped from behind the desk Red Pete rushed to the door.

"Police! Police!" he shouted.

A policeman was standing on the corner, and he responded quickly. He took in the situation at a glance.

"I want ye to 'rest this man," stormed Pete, "this cowpuncher. He's tryin' to run off with my cashier. I s'pect he's been stealin'—I s'pect both of 'em have. I want him 'rested."

"All right," assented the policeman. "That's a pretty serious charge. I guess you'd better come with me, my man," dropping his hand heavily upon the Texan's shoulder.

"That's the way," approved Red Pete. "Don't ye let him git off now, officer. Big Kate, ye git behind your desk, an' don't let me see ye speakin' to another man in a month."

"Hold on!" interposed the officer. "The girl will have to come with me too. You included her in the charge."

"But I didn't mean"—

"Too late for that now. I will have to arrest both. If the girl's innocent she will get off."

"Well," doubtfully, "if ye say so. But, remember, I'll go bail. Send her back soon's ye can. I'd go along if I could leave the business, but I can't."

"Of course not," agreed the policeman. "I'll attend to it all right. Now come along, you two."

He grasped the prisoners roughly. Big Kate looked frightened. The Texan after one look into the officer's face went along quietly.

At the corner the policeman stopped.

"Now, you two scud up that side street," he ordered. "A parson lives the second door from the next corner. Get it over soon's you can and then jump on a trolley and be off. Red Pete's got friends on this street, and they're a hard crowd. He could make you trouble. Hurry now, and good luck to you!"

UNITED STATES MONEY

There Are Ten Kinds on Uncle Sam's Official List.

ALL ARE NOT LEGAL TENDER.

Some of the Most Imposing of the Paper Currency May Be Lawfully Refused When Offered In Payment of an Obligation of Any Kind.

Officially there are just ten kinds of money in circulation in the United States. Could you name them all offhand? Do you know which of those besides gold coin are legal tender and in what amount? It may be that "all money looks alike to you," but there's a difference, and below is the list:

Gold coins, standard silver dollars, subsidiary silver, gold certificates, silver certificates, treasury notes (1890), United States notes (greenbacks), national bank notes, nickel coins and bronze coins.

Looking upon this formidable classification of United States money, as made by the treasury department, it becomes more formidable when it is considered from the highly technical point of view as a legal tender. Some of the most imposing of the paper currency is not a legal tender at all, while, as to the minor coins, they are legal tender in such small amounts as to startle the average layman. It may be well to recall to this layman that the term "legal tender" owes its significance to the fact that in payment of debt or obligation of any kind it can be forced upon the creditor "in full of all demands."

Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank notes, of which such enormous numbers circulate everywhere, are not legal tender. If you have plenty of money and if you have forced Jones to sue you in order to get judgment, Jones can turn down every one of these bills tendered in payment and force you to dig up something better.

Should Jones do such a thing you might comedy the idea of fixing him by unloading a whole lot of silver coins upon him. But you want to know what you're doing there, too, for he'll take only $10 worth of halves, quarters and dimes, while of nickels and copper cents only 25 cents worth is legal tender.

But as to the standard silver dollar there's no limit [illegible] to Jones. This old "dollar of our dads" still is the real thing in all business transactions, unless some clause in a contract has provided otherwise. Jones may refuse the silver certificate, but when you dig up the metal dollar they go unquestioned at their face value. And 1,000 of them weigh 58 9-10 pounds.

Treasury notes of the act of 1890 are legal tender to their face value in payment of all debts, public and private, unless expressly stipulated in the contract.

Strictly speaking, the United States notes or greenbacks are legal tender, with the exception of duties on imports and interest on the public debt. Practically, however, since the resumption of specie payment in 1879 greenbacks have been received freely and without question by the government, though the law respecting them hasn't been changed.

While the gold and silver certificates are not legal tender as between individuals, both issues are receivable for all government dues of whatever kind, in this respect legally more acceptable than is the greenback.

National bank notes, while not legal tender and not receivable for duties on imports, still may be paid by the government for salaries and all debts of the government except interest dues and in redemption of national currency.

By especial enactment no foreign coin of any kind or denomination shall be a legal tender in the United States, so that if some time the street car conductor does balk at the chance Canadian dime fished from your pocket keep cool and dig for something that is United States. It's your move.—Chicago Tribune.

Fun For the Boy.

"So you tried to convince your son that he was not too old to be subjected to corporal discipline?"

"That's what I did," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I gave him a good old fashioned dressin' down in the woodshed jes' the same as if he had been ten years younger."

"What did he do?"

"He jes' laughed an' said it reminded him of the good times he had when he was bein' initiated in his college fraternity."—Washington Star.

Where Courtesy Prevails.

"The South Americans are very polite," said the man who travels.

"Naturally," answered Miss Cayenne. "In some of those republics it is not safe to slight the humblest citizen. There is no telling what moment he may become president."—Washington Star.

Marriage.

"Marriage may be compared to a tram car," said a confirmed bachelor.

"Why?" asked his fair partner.

"Because some people are just as anxious to get out of it as others are to enter!"—London Telegraph.

Foresight.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is foresight? Pa—Foresight, my son, is the faculty of being around when there is a melon to be cut.—Chicago News.

Circumstances are not in our power; virtues are.—Farrar.

LINCOLN TRIED IT.

And That Ended the Naval Sweatbox Punishment.

On one of Mr. Lincoln's excursions to Fortress Monroe on the steamer Harriet Lane in 1861 his attention was directed to a narrow door bound with iron, the use of which he was anxious to learn.

"What is this?" he asked.

"Oh, that is the sweatbox," was the reply. "It is used for refractory and insubordinate seamen. A man in there is subjected to steam heat and has very little ventilation. It generally brings him to terms very quickly."

President Lincoln's curiosity was aroused. "This," he said to himself, "is treatment to which thousands of American seamen are probably subjected every year. Let me try it for myself and see what it really is."

Taking off his hat, for he was several inches over six feet in height, he entered the inclosure, which he found to be little more than three feet in length or width. He gave orders that at a signal from himself the door should be immediately opened. It was then closed and the steam turned on.

He had been inside hardly three minutes before the signal was given. President Lincoln had experienced enough of what was then regarded as necessary punishment for American seamen. There was very little ventilation, and the short exposure to the hot and humid air had almost suffocated him.

Turning to Secretary Welles of the navy department, the president ordered that no such inclosure as the sweatbox should ever after be allowed on any vessel flying the American flag.

It was not an hour after this order had been given before every sailor on every ship in Hampton Roads had heard of it. The effect was most remarkable on the older sailors, many of whom had themselves experienced the punishment of the sweatbox. Some of them wept from joy.

But the good results of this act of President Lincoln were not confined to the American navy. Great Britain, France, Germany and other European countries heard that the sweatbox had been abolished in America as inhuman. One and all of these nations in turn fell into line, and today the sweatbox is not to be found on any vessel flying the flag of a civilized nation throughout the world.

RAN THE BLOCKADE.

[illegible] Risky Piece of Business at Santiago.

Some naval officers at a gathering party the other evening were discussing the efficiency of the Cuban blockade in 1898. The ability to penetrate the blockade at Havana, Cienfuegos and elsewhere was admitted.

"Yet only one vessel ever ran the Santiago blockade," said one of the speakers, "and that was one of our own vessels, the little Gloucester."

He then described how the Gloucester ran the blockade while commanded by Lieut. Wainwright, then a lieutenant commander, who had previously been executive officer of the Maine when it blew up.

"We had been sent down to Aserraderos to communicate with the insurgents," said the raconteur, who was on the Gloucester at the time. "Upon our return it was quite dark, and we were proceeding slowly to our station on the inside line of the blockade when the electric signaling apparatus broke down. We could not give a signal, particularly the private identification signal of the night. Had we been discovered by one of the blockading vessels it would at once have flashed the signal, and if we did not immediately respond it would have promptly opened fire. We would have been blown to pieces in a minute.

"It was a risky piece of business, but Dick Wainwright was perfectly cool, and the Gloucester actually picked its way without being discovered through the whole blockading fleet, took up its station on the inside line, under the Morro, and as soon as the signaling apparatus was repaired reported its arrival. It was a clear case of blockade running, but it was mighty ticklish while it lasted."—San Francisco Call.

An Intelligent Cow.

A few nights ago a citizen went home and found a cow in his yard. He drove her out. He then went into the house and later heard the animal in the yard again. He drove her out the second and third times. The citizen's son came home later and found the animal in the yard and drove her out. The citizen then made an investigation and found the cow got in by wading around the fence on the riverside. He hung up a lantern to deceive the cow as she came in, and the next morning, so he says, he found the cow in the yard with the lantern hung on her horns, using the same to hunt out the best grapefruit in his grove. Say what you please, but that was an intelligent cow. And the story is true—of course it is.—Fort Myer Press.

Swell Stock.

"Could I sell you an imported Persian cat for $1,000?" ventured the cat and dog fancier.

"What!" exclaimed the multimillionaire in surprise. "Why, I just bought a $5,000 bulldog from you the other day."

"Yes, but I thought you'd want a $1,000 cat for that swell bulldog to chase. You surely wouldn't allow a $5,000 bulldog to chase a common cat, would you?"—Pittsburg Press.

An Important Advantage.

"Do you think a college education affords a man an important advantage?"

"Oh, yes! One has to have it in order to get into a university club."—Chicago Record-Herald.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Secy. of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—E. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, President; F. H. Blever, Secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, G. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justices—R. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—G. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; Frank Gallup, secretary; W. P. Specht, treasurer; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. P. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—A. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. B. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rohan.
Inspectors of Election—C. T. Daly, C. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. [illegible], meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
A. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets [illegible] I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
[illegible] LAGAN, R. K.

[illegible] Smethport [illegible] No. [illegible], meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible] E. COLEGROVE, Pres.
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible] W. M.
[illegible]

I. O. R. M.—[illegible] Tribe, [illegible] every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
[illegible] HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. [illegible] every Sunday at 10:00 [illegible]

Episcopal—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. P. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening at 7:30.

TH
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A Dinner That Walked Away

A THANKSGIVING STORY

BY FRANK H. SWEET

[Copyright, 1903, by American Press Association.]

THE way it began Hannah was cross that day. For one thing, she had a big Thanksgiving baking to do in an old fashioned house where pies and cakes were made by the quantity.

Then, while she was out of the kitchen a minute, Margery, in a frolic with puss had upset the churn with its load of cream all over the snow white floor.

That made plenty of extra work, but the crowning disaster was to find when she went to the pantry for the beans she intended to bake that a bottle of brandy that she had kept last summer to bathe her ankle, which she had sprained in falling down the cellar stairs, had been upset.

It stood far out of the way on the top shelf, but unfortunately the dish of beans was directly under it, and the brandy had dripped over them, soaking them so thoroughly that it was not possible to use them.

But the worst was yet to come. On finding the beans ruined she simply emptied them into the pail which stood at the kitchen door and, washing her hands, set to work to knead her big pan of puffy bread dough.

Now, the kitchen door opened into a woodshed, and the ash pail, with the beans on top, was supposed to be safe enough, but unfortunately on this special afternoon the outside door was ajar.

The beans had not been there long before the turkeys came around to be fed as usual, and one of them, of a [illegible] disposition, noticed the open door and, [illegible] remembering the good things that came out of the door, quickly hopped up the step and walked in.

Nothing to be seen but piles of wood for the season, now getting severe, and [illegible] a pail with something in it.

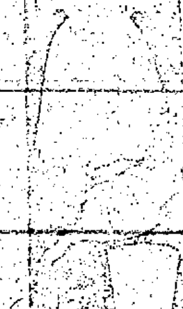
"Ah, that looks good! I'll try it," thought the curious turkey, no doubt.

She did try it, and, not being sensitive in either taste or smell, she never stopped trying it until she had swallowed all the top ones, soaked in brandy, and then turned to go.

The effect was sad.

Her head whirled around, it is supposed. At any rate, her legs refused to hold her up, and she fell to the ground in confusion.

Half an hour later Hannah went for more wood to replenish [illegible] the gathering darkness [illegible] the [illegible]. Still lying [illegible]. A glance at the fowl [illegible] that she was [illegible] hurt and another glance [illegible] told the shameful story.



A GLANCE TOLD THE SHAMEFUL STORY.

"There's a fine [illegible] of work!" exclaimed Hannah, turning the limp turkey over. "The idiot has gone and killed herself entirely. [illegible] those beans! [illegible] like to know who left open that door. Well, well, I wanted a turkey for Thanksgiving, and this one died by accident, and its meat will be as good as though I'd wrung her neck."

So, muttering and grumbling to herself, after fixing her fire she attacked the turkey, for, though she was sometimes cross, she was always economical, and she knew no questions would be asked as to how it came to its end, provided it was fat and was roasted well.

In a few minutes she had the feathers off, except those on the wings and tail, and she laid the picked turkey on a bench to cool, shutting the door to keep out the cat while she finished some other work.

Meantime tea time arrived. The family came home and were all at the table when the door burst open and Hannah rushed in, evidently frightened out of her wits.

"Oh, Mr. Winslow," she cried, "there's something in the woodshed, all in white, and it ran after me when I went for some wood, and I daren't go out there, if you plaze!"

Mr. Winslow, supposing some animal had got in, left the table and, arming himself with the poker as he passed through the kitchen, threw open the door.

Silence and darkness only.

Yet in a moment came an audible rustling on the wood pile and an indistinct glimpse of something white.

"Bring the light, Hannah!" called Mr. Winslow, and, taking a candle from her trembling hand, he led the way to the strange object.

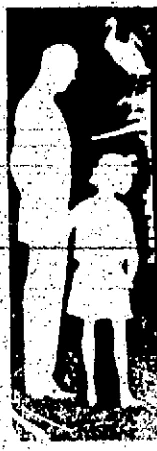
"It's a white—why, no, it isn't!" he interrupted himself as he drew nearer to the fluttering, frightened thing. "It's—I declare, it's a picked turkey! Where on earth"—

"A picked turkey!" screamed Hannah. "Sure, and can it be the one I picked myself this evening has come to life?"

"How did you kill it?" asked Mr. Winslow.

"I didn't kill it at all. The botherin' crater killed itself atin' beans that got soaked in my brandy, and I had to stop my work and dress it before it cooled."

"Well, it evidently was not dead," said Mr. Winslow. "But now it's dressed you better cut off its head."



"PLEASE LET ME," PLEADED MARGERY.

"Oh, no, papa!" cried Margery, who stood on the steps. "Don't kill the poor thing! I'll take care of it somehow."

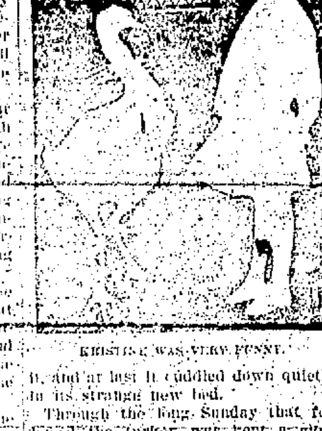
"But it'll freeze, dear," said papa, going back into the kitchen.

"No; I'll fix it up. I'll make it something to wear. Please let me," pleaded Margery earnestly.

"Well, I don't care, child," said her father, laughing. "Do as you like, and dress it up. I want a fat gobbler and no twelve pound hen turkey for Thanksgiving."

After some trouble the shivering, naked turkey was caught and carried into the warm kitchen. It was carefully wrapped in an old shirt for the night and tied into a basket.

The astonished creature rebelled and fought against the indignity of wearing a flannel skirt, but cold conquered it, and at last it cuddled down quietly in its strange new bed.

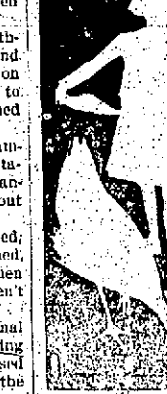


KRISTINE WAS VERY FUNNY.

Through the long Sunday that followed the turkey was kept a close prisoner, and by the next morning many plans had been thought out for its comfort.

That was a great day for Margery, who was confined to the house by delicate lungs and who longed for something to pass away the hours when lessons were over and the daily sewing "stint" finished.

Here was something to do! The new pet was fed and the lessons and sewing hurried through, so that by noon she was free to carry out her plans.



MARGERY FED HER.

By this time the turkey had found out that Margery wouldn't hurt it and was not so frightened as it had been last night, so when the little girl took it in her arms it made little objection.

"Now you must have a name," said Margery softly, carrying her new plaything off into her especial corner of the big kitchen, where work and Hannah never came. "Let me see!" she went on. "I'll name you after my lovely doll that got broken—Kristine, and I must make you some clothes, so you can walk around and not be bobbled up so."

With the help of mamma the [illegible] little girl contrived a sort of coat for Kristine. It was made of an old shawl and was bright scarlet, with black and white plaid.

It came pretty well up on the [illegible] and of course covered the naked [illegible]. The wings were [illegible] fastened [illegible] was really a pretty good fit—considering.

As ornament Margery sewed some of the fringe of the shawl around the neck like a ruff, at the edges where the wings ought to be and around the legs. So when dressed the unfortunate, or, rather, naughty, turkey looked like a new plaid variety of the scarlet flamingo, with side pockets and fringed drawers.

The appearance of Kristine stalking around in her new suit was very funny. How the boys did laugh! And even papa had to wipe away the laughing tears.

In this dress the next morning, after she had been fed daintily, Margery introduced her to her old friends of the poultry yard by opening the kitchen door and letting her walk out where the turkeys were taking their breakfast.

Margery thought they would be glad to see her; but, alas, this distinguished stranger in gay attire was not recognized. They stared and scolded at her, and the old gobbler ruffled up his feathers and dragged his wings on the ground and came up to her, saying angrily:

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!"

Kristine seemed to be disheartened at this coolness on the part of her family and slunk into a corner, as though ashamed of her fine dress. Then the family crowded around her to punish her impertinence in coming among them and actually began to peck at her.

Margery, who was watching from the window, could hardly believe her eyes at first; but, yes, they were actually pecking at the poor outcast, who finally fled, screaming, across the yard. Margery flew to the door, and Kristine hurried in just in time to escape the whole family, who were close upon her.

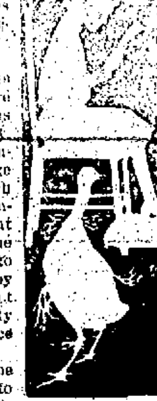
"You poor, dear Kristine!" she murmured over her when she had her safely in her arms. "Did they peck you? The naughty things! You shan't go with them any more! You shall stay with me in the house."

So it came to be at last. Hannah grumbled a little, but, after all, she couldn't say much, for it was by her own fault that the poor thing lost its own winter coat. Before long the family grew quite attached to Margery's pet, whose name they shortened to Kris.

On her part Kris was a very bright bird. She would come when called by name, and she never failed to be on hand at mealtimes, when she would walk around the table and receive delicate bits from every one.

While her little mistress was studying or sewing Kris would stand and look at her, turning her knowing head first one side and [illegible] then [illegible] and sometimes saying in a reflective way,

"Quit!"



SAYING IN A REFLECTIVE WAY, "QUIT!"

As soon as books and work were put away she was ready for [illegible]. In fact, she enjoyed her strange life very much and grew fat under it, so that pretty soon the boys began to tease Margery by suggesting that her pet was ready to take her place on the table.

The only time she seemed to be uncomfortable was when the cheerful kitchen was scrubbed.

No sooner did Hannah appear on the scene with scrubbing brush and go down on her knees to polish the floor than Kris would hop by a sort of ladder which one of the boys had made for her up to a corner of the high mantel over the fireplace, and there she would sit, all humped up and miserable, till the work was done or till her little mistress came and took her into the sitting room.

The place where Kris was intended to spend the time of her banishment from the yard was a large chamber over the woodshed, which was kept warm by the kitchen chimney, and there's where her bed, or roost, was prepared for her and where she was shut up every night. But she was so lonely and unhappy and tried so hard to get out and Margery was so fond of her for a playmate that she generally got down before breakfast and did not go back until bedtime, which is at dusk in the turkey family, you know.

Well, the winter passed away, and spring came. Kris grew a new sort of feathers under her plaid dress, and when the weather became warm mamma said she must leave off her dress and go out of doors with the rest. So the first really warm day Margery took off the red dress and drove her out.

Kris had not forgotten her cool reception of the winter, so she at first [illegible] too near the turkeys [illegible] aloof to her [illegible]. After a few [illegible] the time with them, only coming when called and generally making a visit to the table for her usual treats.

She had not been out very long when one morning Margery went out to see her and she was gone. No one had seen her since breakfast. Margery felt very bad and after looking all about came to the sad conclusion that she had strayed away and got lost, for the whole flock wandered far off to feed. But the next morning at breakfast time Kris walked in, as usual, and began to beg for food. Margery hugged her and fed her, and she ate as though she was starved.

When she had finished her meal she went out again, and about noon her little mistress sought her again, and again she was missing.

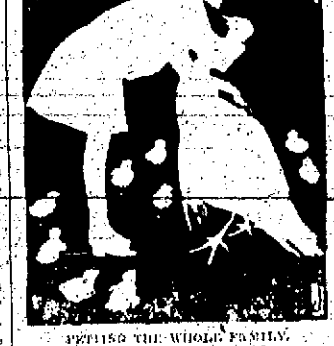
This now became the regular thing with Kris. Every morning she was on hand for her breakfast, and in spite of watching she would slip away and hide so that no one could find her again.

Poor Margery was almost heartbroken at this tendency to vagrancy in her pet, but Hannah only smiled and said:

"Wait a bit and you'll see something nice."

But, though Hannah had her suspicions, she was not prepared for what really occurred one day.

After this strange conduct had been going on for a few weeks there came a day when Hannah had another scare. She declared that tramps or thieves were up in the woodshed chamber. She heard them, and she dared not go up.



PETTING THE WHOLE FAMILY.

While she stood in the woodshed telling Margery in a whisper about it the child heard a step that she knew. Kris hopped down on to the top step of the stairs which led to the room overhead. After a moment she hopped to the next, and after her came, one by one, twelve baby turkeys.

Margery screamed with delight and ran to catch Kris and pet the whole family, while Hannah rushed upstairs in dismay and saw a sight that shocked her more than the fear of tramps.

In that room trunks and things not in use were stored, and a month or more ago Hannah had carried up there a large square "squaw basket," with a cover, a basket such as the Oneida Indians of New York state make for [illegible] household [illegible] of their white sisters.

The basket was nearly full of the winter supply of woolen stockings, all neatly mended [illegible] away till fall. In [illegible] soft stockings had Madame Kristine made her nest and hatched out her interesting family.

She must have found the door ajar and managed to pry off the cover, which lay on one side, and here she had hidden all these weeks.

The room was put in order and the door closed, and Kristine was provided with a place in the yard. Every day she wandered off with her babies, but she never started until she had visited the breakfast table with her whole brood to get her regular morning meal.

At first it was funny to see them run around and pick up crumbs, but as they grew it began to be troublesome to have a flock of turkeys so much at home in the house. So mamma made a new law that Kristine and her family must be fed at the door.

After that her life was like that of the other turkeys, only she knew her name and would come when called and never failed to run up to Margery whenever she saw her.

And the dinner that walked away last year supplied twelve tables with dinners this year and provided Margery with a fine lot of pocket money for her pains.

Thanksgiving Day.

Now the turkey roosting low
Finds his spirit full of woe;
Notes that popularity
Is not all 'tis said to be;
Wishes that he had been wise
In his corn fed paradise.
He'd, by far, the wiser been
Had he rested 'mongst the lean;
Had he dieted a bit,
Keeping all his muscles fit,
'Stead of, like a prideful flat,
Gorging until plump and fat.

See! In state at last he lies,
Flanked about by pumpkin pies,
Flanked with fresh cut celery,
Giblet sauce and cranberry;
Covered with a pall of crisp,
Here and there a parsley wisp
Lying softly on his breast;
Stuffed with spice and nuts of chest
Poor old turkey! Victim he
Of his gobbling vanity.

Gladsome day for young and old,
Whether winds be soft or cold;
Day that gives a nation pause
For its grateful "Deo Laus!"
Day that brings us face to face
With the fount of love and grace—
It were blessing past compare
That we have a day so rare;
Day from others all apart
Given over to the heart,
To a realizing sense
Of the great beneficence
Of the hand divine above
That hath ruled us but through love.
—John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.

ODE TO A GOBBLER

By R. K. Munkittrick

ALL hail! All hail! Oh, rare and antique bird
That lately on the venerable tree
Rolled in a ball of sleep, the chill winds heard
Moaning in mournful gusts thine elegy!
No more the sun will gild thy red cravat
Or ripple on thy wing,
For time hath caught thee, even as the cat
Catches the gray and agile whiskered rat,
And now thy praise we sing,
Gathered about the board, serene and gay,
Upon Thanksgiving day.

With joy we see thee lying on thy back,
Thy chaste, lush drumsticks sticking in the air;
Thy wings in sweet peace folded and, alack,
The incense of thy stuffing, pungent, rare,
Filling our souls with heavenly melody,
The while with fork and knife
Thy dark meat and thy white meat fondly we
Suffuse with gravy in our revelry
And then, with pleasure rife,
Each dainty morsel neatly tuck away
Upon Thanksgiving day.

Thou'rt nobler than the canvasback or goose,
The lordly shanghai or the ortolan
Or any other minstrel that is loose
From Tuscaloosa to Cape Mary Ann.
Compared with thee the woodcock is a mere
Delusion—all in all;
The upland plover ne'er can be thy peer,
Beside thee to the epicure and seer
The prairie hen is small;
Thou art the bird of freedom anyway
Upon Thanksgiving day.
—New York Press.

PRISCILLA PREACHES.

On the Noble Art of Being Thankful Gracefully.

Every girl wishes she was charming. Some girls wish it so fervently that they actually do something to bring around the happy result. Others first build air castles on such foundations and a full pocketbook, which gives unlimited privileges in the matter of choosing frocks and frills.

More gifts than you can count on your two hands go to make up that composite gift, personal charm. One of them is appropriate to the season—the art of giving thanks gracefully.

Have you ever practiced it? If not, Thanksgiving is the appointed time to begin. It makes men adore you, old people speak beautiful words of you, and young women envy you.

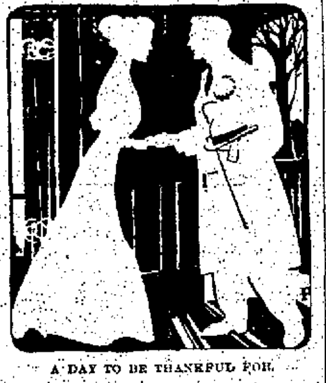
Perhaps you are going to Thanksgiving service if you are the kind of girl who lives up to the good old New England custom. Perhaps you belong to the new liberal class with whom football has risen superior even to the turkey dinner at midday. Perhaps you are going for a long day's outing into the frosty country. No matter where, it is pretty sure that he—[illegible] ought to be written "He"—[illegible] a [illegible] enthusiastic and a [illegible] fine sense of gratitude for a day away from the [illegible] shop, he will call for you early [illegible] blithe: "Well, isn't this a day to be thankful for?"

And what reply will you make for him?

If mother could not afford to give you a new frock for the day, or if your slender salary forbade quite so stunning a costume as your mind's eye pictured, will you say in cold, careless fashion, "Well, I don't know that I have much to be thankful for," or, "Please do not spring that chestnut on me; you know Thanksgiving day is a mere form in this money making age?"

Girls do say such absurd things—when something goes wrong with their clothes!

Can't you see how you will quench that young man's enthusiasm and his faith in your good temper at the same moment?



A DAY TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

One night at a dinner some clever men were asked why they had not married their first love. One man said because she had not spoken to him all the way to the theater. He had been ten minutes late and the curtain had risen. He thought how awful it would be to live twenty years or less with a woman who turned silent and morose over every trifle.

To be thankful in a graceful way learn to look down instead of up when figuring on your blessings. Do not look at Alice May's golden hair and then worry about your own pale brown tresses. Look at Mary Ann's freckles and be thankful for your own olive skin. Real gratitude consists of making the best of things, and it is not set forth in any church ritual.—Washington Star.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

It Was Celebrated Under Many Perplexing Difficulties.

When in the autumn of 1621 Massasoit accepted Governor Bradford's invitation to join the [illegible] harvest festival the Thanksgiving day that was of [illegible] Mistress Brewster and Priscilla Mullins and Constance Hopkins and little Remember Allerton and the rest of the dozen women who had survived the first terrible Plymouth winter set to work to make ready for the celebration. Their cupboards were not much like the generous larders of merry England, but what they were to eat at this feast should be of their best.

There was the "stirabout" of hasty pudding and molasses. There were clam chowder and oysters roasted in big clam shells. Wild turkeys were abundant, and one day's shooting determined the characteristic dish of the feast for all the year to come. Plum porridge delighted the few children, and the guests were to introduce [illegible]hood to the festive popcorn.

MASSASOIT BROUGHT [illegible] OF [illegible]

But when Massasoit came he brought with him ninety of his people. The first Thanksgiving dinner, instead of being served to fifty, was served to nearly three times that number. Moreover, the guests stayed three days, and in spite of their present of five fine deer one does not doubt that they left empty pantries and weary hostesses behind them and that for a week thereafter the colonists lived on "picked up dinners."

History repeats itself. The noble autumn festival too often means for "mother" only a week long baking day and little time or strength for the giving of thanks. But we need not reproduce the Plymouth situation. Priscilla could not set her wild Indians to serve her, but today the preparations for the dinner may be divided among the many hands which make light work. Stoning the raisins, picking the turkey, straining the cranberries, splitting the kindling, cracking the nuts, setting the table, furnish occupation for all, from grandfather to six-year-old. For one day in the year "mother" must have more help than she can use, from the busy hour before breakfast until the last dish is washed at night. The guests at this family festival should be at home in kitchen and parlor alike.

So the homemaker may herself answer to the call for gratitude for "the return of seedtime and harvest, the increase of the ground and the gathering in of the fruit thereof."—Youth's Companion.

Be Thankful.

For all the good things of this earth
Of mingled gall and honey,
For maidens, melody and mirth
And, most of all, for money—
This is the day when thanks are due
And should be paid with pleasure
While toothsome turkeys yield for you
A gastronomic treasure.

Decadent Drama.

I hate to see a problem play
In which the heroine, [illegible]
Feels bitter [illegible] to say
Her former life was gay.
—[illegible] Herald.

But in the modern problem play
The old is not a matter,
For now we hear the lady say
Her future will be darker.
—[illegible]

We do not like the problem play,
Our deep contempt it rouses;
But it has doubtless come to stay;
It gets the crowded houses.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ingratitude.

Gene, who is four years old, was delighted recently when the stork brought a long coveted baby sister. He went forthwith to announce the glad tidings to the neighbors. To his surprise, they were not inclined to believe him, especially Edward, his chum, who stoutly scoffed the idea of a new arrival at Gene's house. With trembling lip Gene ran to his mother and threw himself, sobbing, against the bed. "Just think, mother," he wailed, "Edward won't believe I've got a baby sister! And you know"—here his sense of the world's ingratitude grew stronger and he wailed afresh—"you know how good I was to him when they had kittens over at his house!"—Harper's Magazine.

Willing to Encourage Her.

"I wish I were a heroine, George."

"Why, it is easy for you to become a heroine, dear."

"I'd like to know how."

"The woman who is not afraid to remain alone while her husband goes to a poker party is a heroine."—Houston Post.

An Epistle.

Dear Kate, the wedding cake you sent
I got and put the bit
Beneath my pillow that same night,
That I might dream on it.

But not a single dream was mine—
No. Wasn't that too bad?
And so last night I ate the cake—
Oh, the dreams I had!
—Boston Transcript.

Too Much For Him.

"Doesn't your husband ever do any work?"

"No, poor man; he has a weak back."

"What's the matter with it?"

"He strained it trying to lift the mortgage off the old homestead."—Cleveland Leader.

Trying to Explain.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is an entente cordiale?"

"As a rule, my son, it is what exists when two powers are big enough to inspire a wholesome respect for each other."—Washington Star.

Art.

Polly gazed at her reflection in the pool beside the brook,
Saying, "If I had a dimple, how bewitching I would look!"
With a flash of inspiration I threw a pebble in,
And it made the cutest dimple in the middle of her chin.
—Life.

Both.

First Doctor—That nurse is an Indian from the Carlisle school. She has an awful temper.

Second Doctor—Ah, I see! A red cross nurse, eh?—Philadelphia Record.

Worry and Get There.

It's fine to say "Don't worry,"
To smile and never stop,
To never feel a flurry,
No matter how things drop,
But this is true, by gorry—
The man who doesn't worry
Will never reach the top.
—Boston Herald.

Not an Authority.

"But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, isn't it?" queried the innocent youth.

"You can't prove it by me," replied the chronic dyspeptic.—Chicago News.

How John Won.

A-spinning sat Priscilla fair.
John Alden came to woo her there.
So she put down the spinning wheel
While he put up the winning spiel.
—Kansas City Times.

Don't Be Too Familiar.

"Abusin' yoh bad luck," said Uncle Eben, "is li'ble to git it so tame dat it'll follow you aroun' like a yaller dog."—Washington Star.

Revised.

"Don't you walk into my parlor,"
Said the spider to the fly,
"For you might give me typhoid,
And I'd very likely die."
—Houston Post.

Close Quarters.

Bensonhurst—Does your wife find fault with the size of the flat?

Yorkville—There isn't room for complaint.—Smart Set.

Mother's Darling Girl.

Some marry pretty show girls
And think they take the cake,
But give me one who turns out pies
Like mother used to make.
—Exchange.

In Price, Not Size.

He looked in a store window and saw "Hats Reduced." "Heavens!" said he to himself. "What was their original size?"

"Hate."

Backward, turn backward, Etah,
And you'll be
What Peary and Cook found,
It seems to me.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Suitable Flight.

"Where's Jagsby going?"

"He says he is going on a lark."

"Oh, he's a bird!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Silent Process.

It makes no noise
Nor shakes the floor
When wifie bangs
Her pompadour.
—Detroit Free Press.

Advertise in The Miner.

Private Trader.

No, the private trader is not dead yet; he is not even condemned, nor will be, while he can attract and keep his customers by a careful study of their individual wants; conversing genially and appropriately and interestedly with poor as well as with rich.—London Grocer's Assistant.

Silence as a Cure.

It is not the change of air that makes a holiday in the country or the seaside so beneficial to health; it is the comparative silence one finds there after the nerve-wrecking tumult of the cities and towns.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are urinary disorders, weak back and backache, rheumatism and rheumatic pains and twinges, pains in the groins, etc. There is nothing as good for kidney and bladder trouble as DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. You may depend upon them to give entire satisfaction. They are antiseptic, act promptly and soothe pain. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport; and F. H. Reed, Clermont.

Notice of Appeals for McKean County, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners, sitting as a board of revision will be at the places named below at the time specified for the purpose of listening to appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeal for their respective districts.

Appeals on the Military Enrollment will be held on the same days and at the same places.

For Kane Borough 1st Ward, February 21st; Kane Borough 2nd Ward, February 22nd; Kane Borough 3rd Ward, February 23rd; Kane Borough 4th Ward, February 24th.

Hamilton Township, February 25th, at Kane; Wetmore Township, February 26th, at Kane; Hamlin Township, February 28th, at Mt. Jewett.

Mt. Jewett Borough, March 1st, at Mt. Jewett.

Lafayette Township, March 2nd, at Mt. Alton.

Bradford City 1st and 2nd Wards, March 3rd; 3rd and 4th Wards, March 4th; 5th and 6th Wards, March 5th, at City Building.

Bradford Township, March 7th; Foster Township, March 8th; Corydon Township, March 9th, at City Building Bradford.

Eldred Borough, March 10th; Eldred Township, March 11th, a. m.; Ceres Township, March 11th, p. m., at Eldred;

Otto Township, March 12th, at Duke Center. Port Allegany Borough, March 14th; Liberty Township, March 15th, a. m.; Annin Township, March 15th, p. m., at Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, March 16th; Keating Township, March 17th; Sergeant and Norwich Townships, March 18th, at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 19th day of January, 1910.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Attest:
A. B. WALKER,
Clerk.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of Isaac Duntley, late of Keating Township, McKean Co., Pa., deceased, have been granted to R. H. Duntley. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

R. H. DUNTLEY,
Administrator.
Corydon, Pa.

Dec. 7, 1909.

EQUIPPED FARMS TO LET.

I have several fine fertile farms under good cultivation, with excellent farm houses, commodious barns and farm creameries, one or more of which may be let March 1st, and possession given about April 1st. Very favorable terms on shares or for money rent, if preferred, will be given to capable, temperate, honest and industrious farmers. Early application is requested.

Holy Dairy farm on highway between Kushequa and Mt. Jewett, with 20 acres adjacent under cultivation, together with 30 acres of excellent arable land from Broad Acres Farm, is a sample. Possession given March 1, 1910. Apply to

ELISHA K. KANE,
Kushequa, Pa.

Public Sale of Valuable Real Estate.

Pursuant to an order of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, dated December 16, 1909, the undersigned will sell at public sale, to the highest bidder, at the Court House, in Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1910, AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M., the following real estate of John O. Perry:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the Township of Sergeant, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:

1st Piece: Beginning at a post the northwest corner of subdivision No. 101 in east line of Hamlin Township, and being a corner of Perry lot; thence by said township line and west line of sub-division No. 102, north 111.5 rods to stone corner; thence east 108 rods to a post; thence south 111.5 rods to northwest corner of Bloomster farm in north line of sub-division No. 101; thence by said line west 108 rods to the place of beginning, containing 75 acres, be the same more or less, and being part of sub-division No. 102 in J. Colegrove's survey.

2nd Piece: Beginning at a post the southeast corner of a lot of 107.6 acres of said Perry's; thence west on south line 71.5 rods to post; thence north 156.5 rods to post in north line of same; thence east on said line 71.5 rods to post, being northwest corner of S. Bloomster's farm; thence south on said west line 156.5 rods to place of beginning, containing 70 acres, more or less.

Excepting therefrom all the natural gas and 5-6 of all the oil with the right to enter to drill, etc., for oil and gas; with the right of free gas sufficient for one house on each piece, and subject to a lease made by John O. Perry to M. C. Oakley for one half acre dated April 27, 1901, at a rental of $12 per year, the rent being paid to April 27, 1910.

The last piece is improved and having thereon a good frame barn, and two orchards of apple and pear trees, and the first piece is stripped land.

Terms of Sale: One-half cash on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, and the balance in one year with interest to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

JAMES A. McKEAN,
Committee in Lunacy of John O. Perry.
JOHN N. APPLE,
Attorney.
January 12, 1910.

Better Than Meat Or Eggs

All who once try Beardsley's Shredded Codfish like it better than meat or eggs.

Some like it so well that they crave it. They could eat it three times a day. And all are hungry to have it at least once every week.

For its luscious flavor is something no one can ever forget.

And people can have this fine sea food in dozens of different ways. Each way new and tempting. Each bringing out a new taste.

No wonder all find it a welcome change from the usual breakfast or luncheon fare.

BEARDSLEY'S
TRADE
SHREDDED
MARK
CODFISH

A Meal For 10 Cents

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish is more strengthening and nourishing than any other food you could put on the table.

It contains 22 per cent protein. Sirloin steak only 17 per cent. Eggs only 12%.

And see what you save by serving it. Each package makes a full meal for five. Yet the cost is only 10 cents. Meat or eggs for five would cost three or four times as much.

SHREDDED
CODFISH
READY
NOT

THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND

Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

A Meal Without Bother

This delicious fish means a meal without bother or trouble. It is ready to cook the instant you open the package.

And the meat is so light and fluffy and dainty that it cooks almost the minute it is reached by heat.

If this food is all that we say it is, surely you want to try it.

Why not serve it tomorrow—"Fish-day." Then let your folks decide how often they want it thereafter.

In ordering, please see that you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. For Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. Our process is patented.

Free Book of Recipes

Ask your grocer for our book of new recipes. It means pleasing variety in meals. Or write us—we will send you the book, and with it a generous sample of Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., N

FUR SALE
—AT—
20% to 50% REDUCTION

There is a reason for everything. There is a reason for this sale—a real reason—viz: Our desire to make as much of a clearing as possible each season before Inventory of that season's stock. This is not a new idea, but a new one to the Fur Business. Some Furriers are satisfied to carry over one season's stock to the next season. We cannot conform with this old-fashion idea—it is not the modern way of doing business. We cannot carry over one season's stock to the next—the insurance and storage are too expensive, and we require the room for our new stock, which we manufacture during summer months. We have had an immense trade this season—much better and larger than has ever been known in Buffalo, and we are now satisfied to clear out our entire remaining stock regardless of cost.

The next fortnight will be the opportunity of a lifetime, and we ask you to shop early.

We would like our out-of-town customers to share in this great money-saving opportunity; however, we cannot refund fares on the prices that will prevail.

We Make EVERYTHING We Sell

ALFRED L. PEZOLD
Ground Floor FURRIER 508-510 Main St.,
Second Floor BUFFALO, N. Y.

We Guarantee EVERYTHING We Make

BUYING WISDOM.
The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON
when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE
is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street.
BRADFORD, PA.

Notice of Incorporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on the 7th day of February, 1910, by M. F. Quinn, F. C. Olds, F. S. Sherman and John Troy under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of the intended corporation to be called Norwich Chemical Company, the character and object of which is to manufacture and deal in the products and by-products obtained from the destructive distillation of wood; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

HASTINGS & LARKIN,
Solicitors.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration in the estate of B. F. Wright, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 4, 1910.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS,
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work.
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

BRADFORD, PA.
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